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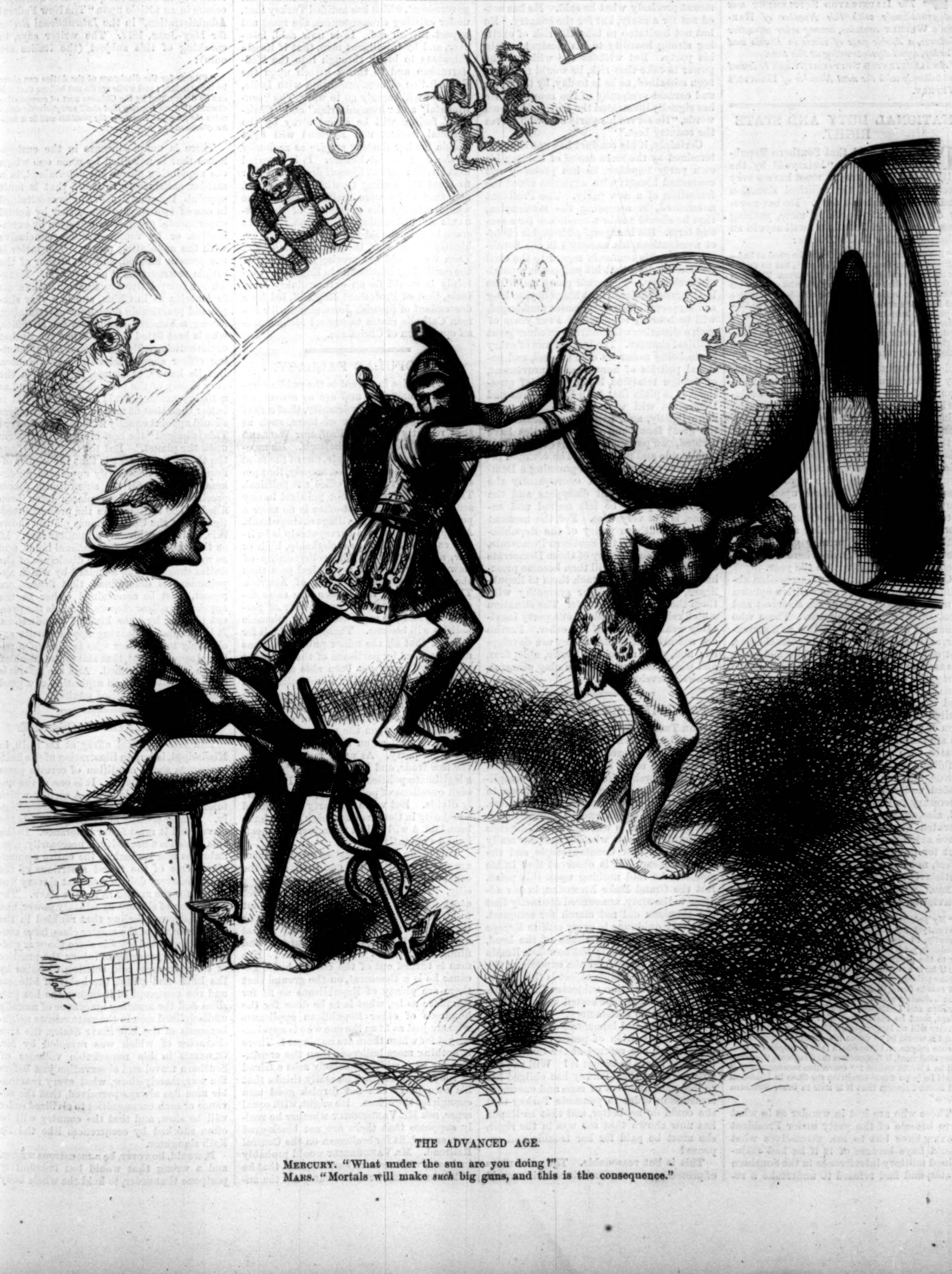

THE ADVANCED AGE.

MERCURY. "What under the sun are you doing?"

MARS. "Mortals will make *such* big guns, and this is the consequence."

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, May 19, 1877.

MISS BRADDON'S NEW NOVEL.

On page 386 will be found the commencement of Miss Braddon's *new Serial Story,*

"AN OPEN VERDICT."

☞ *The* Illustrated Supplement *sent out gratuitously with this Number of* Harper's Weekly *contains, among other attractive features, a double page of views in Russia and Turkey, especially interesting at this time.*

An Illustrated Supplement *will be issued gratuitously with the next Number of* Harper's Weekly.

NATIONAL DUTY AND STATE RIGHT.

THOSE who hold that Southern Republicans have been "betrayed" by the withdrawal of the troops, must have a very peculiar theory of the political situation and of the President's duty. He has merely done his duty—nothing more, nothing less. As Colonel Higginson well says in an admirable letter to the *Tribune:*

> "Let the immediate consequences be good or bad—I firmly believe that they will be good, but no matter for that—there was nothing else to be done. The proof of this lies in the fact that every one who opposes his action has to begin by assuming that South Carolina and Louisiana are still provinces.... For him, in time of peace, to keep troops in any State-house in order to determine a disputed claim to the Governorship, is a stretch of power so great that no State in the Union ought to tolerate it—so great that it ought to be resisted by every peaceful means."

Colonel Higginson properly rejects any theory of "constructive" or "latent" insurrection, and cites Secretary Webster's declaration in the Rhode Island case, that the Administration can not anticipate insurrection, nor interfere when domestic violence is threatened, but only when there is actual insurrection. To say that there is irrepressible domestic violence, in the sense of the Constitution, because there were outrages some time since, or because upon slight provocation there may be renewed outrages, is to make a precedent, as Colonel Higginson truly says, under which some future national Administration may garrison the State-house of every State where there has been an election riot within the year.

Colonel Higginson was a Garrisonian abolitionist, and his clear and positive opinion is unquestionably that of the sincerest and most intelligent Republicans. Those who denounce the President's action as a surrender, as if he had been coerced or treacherous, not only impotently slander him and make his task more difficult, but they alienate the sympathy of wise and most patriotic citizens. If Republican policy and the continued existence of the Republican party required the maintenance by the national arm of proceedings under forms of law such as are familiar in the story of the Southern States, then there was no hope, and the Republican party of Sumner, Andrew, Giddings, Seward, and Lincoln would have ended under a leadership which it is not necessary to describe. It would have ended, also, unlamented by hosts of the most devoted Republicans in the country, who have acted with the party not for personal but for public ends. A gentleman in the West, not less strong and sincere in his old antislavery convictions than Colonel Higginson, writes—and his words express the conviction of multitudes of quiet citizens:

> "My judgment clearly approves the policy of Mr. Hayes, yet my feelings rebel. It is hard, even apparently, to desert Chamberlain, Packard, and the freedmen, yet it is inevitable. Chamberlain is a martyr to the public good; but no man is fit for public life if he is not willing to sacrifice himself, if need be, for the public good. After the abandonment of bayonet rule in Georgia, Alabama, and Mississippi, it is at once irritating and useless to maintain it in South Carolina and Louisiana. The bayonet rule, to be efficient, must be maintained with a high hand. The country will no longer permit that: For Hayes to attempt it would be to doom his administration to disastrous failure.... If the South fails to respond to generous treatment, if it oppresses the freedman, the result will be a North united for corrective measures, and it would be in no worse condition for them in Louisiana and South Carolina than it is now in other Southern States."

Those who are lost in wonder as to what is to become of the party under President Hayes, have but to ask themselves what would have become of it if he had maintained military interference in the Southern States, and had refused to undertake a reform of the civil service system. If the influences and counsels that were recently paramount were still in control of the Administration, the Republican party would have been annihilated at the next election. Undoubtedly the President's action is patriotic and not partisan, that is to say, his first thought is not the effect of his measures upon the party, but upon the general welfare. In his inaugural address, speaking of the just settlement of the Southern question, he said, plainly and frankly:

> "In furtherance of such obedience to the letter and the spirit of the Constitution, and in behalf of all that its attainment implies, all so-called party interests lose their apparent importance, and party lines may well be permitted to sink into insignificance.... It is a question in which every citizen of the nation is deeply interested, and with respect to which we ought not to be, in a partisan sense, either Republicans or Democrats, but fellow-citizens and fellow-men to whom the interests of a common country and a common humanity are dear."

It is the President's distinction that he meant precisely what he said. He has acted not for a party, but for the country. He has not hesitated to take the risk of exciting strong hostility to his conduct within his party. But without the will and the power to take that risk, he would not have been sustained, as he is to-day, by the warm and earnest sympathy of the country. He has signally illustrated the truth of his own words, "He serves his party best who serves the country best."

Certainly, if his conduct has not been determined by the mere desire of holding his own party together, he has probably not concerned himself with anxieties about the formation of a new party. The President announced, in accepting the nomination, that he should not be a candidate for a second term. His inaugural address, his cabinet nominations, his measures in the Southern States, his course in regard to the civil service, all show that his purpose is a patriot-Presidency. The small party majorities in Congress indicate that his policy, so long as its general character remains unchanged, will be heartily supported. Four years of such a situation will naturally produce great political changes. The local affairs of every State being under its own control, and national policies of finance, of improvement, of foreign relations, being the chief questions, it is plain that both Republicans and Democrats will wear party chains much more lightly, and, with the settlement of the great issues upon which parties have divided, new party associations become more practicable and probable. The common remark that the President is pursuing a Democratic policy, and that consequently the Republican party will disappear and the Democratic party be left united and supreme, is not very wise. For, the moment that the Southern policy of the Republicans is welcomed by the Southern Democrats, the convictions of many of those Democrats upon questions that will then become prominent will inevitably attach them to Republicans, who are in closer sympathy with them than many Democrats. The situation which relaxes the bonds of one party inevitably weakens those of the other. Parties are not arbitrarily made, they are developed; and, with a truly patriotic, able, firm, and wise Administration, we may peacefully await developments.

POSSIBILITIES OF THE WAR.

The Turkish war must for a long time be regarded every where with profound interest. Private expressions of opinion from Europe, and some of the English papers, show an apprehension of a general complication. There are great preparations in England, and great anxieties every where. The question which excites apprehension and expectation is whether Russia intends territorial conquest, whether the Czar really means to try for Constantinople and the Mediterranean. It is observed that in his manifest he said nothing upon this point. But the Grand Duke Nicholas, in his address to the army, announced distinctly that the Russians did not march for conquest. Yet every quidnunc in every café in Europe asks, with a knowing shake of the head, "That is all very well; but how does Russia mean to pay herself for the expense of the war?" Her ostensible object is the protection of the Christian subjects of the Porte. In the Conference she stated what arrangement would be satisfactory. If, now, after hard fighting and immense loss, Turkey offers, as a condition of peace, the arrangement which she refused at the Conference, is Russia likely to accept it? Will she not naturally say that Turkey has obliged her to lose vast numbers of men and enormous treasure in order to persuade Turkey that she could do no better, and that as Russia has now shown that she was in the right, she must be paid for her trouble and expense?

This is but reasonable. The guarantees of protection for the Christians which would have been satisfactory before the war, will not satisfy after. The eternal tale of the Sibylline books will be repeated. What would the further proposition probably be but Russian protection of the principalities? And what, in turn, would that be but the advance of Russia to the Balkan? All this is not only possible, but probable, and it is the perception of it which is filling up the British regiments and setting the British dockyards humming. This is something also which Austria could not favor. It was the suspicion of such Russian designs that produced the secret treaty for Turkish protection, between Austria, England, and France, after the Treaty of Paris. The practical result would then apparently be the active co-operation of England, Austria, and Turkey, while France held Germany passive.

On the other hand, there is to be considered the force of the feeling in England which is represented by Mr. Gladstone. Thus far it has practically restrained the government, which has notified Turkey that, under existing circumstances, she must not expect British aid. It is now said, however, and by intelligent men, that if Russia threatens to break through into the Mediterranean and to throw herself upon the English line of communication with India, England will eagerly go to war. The "sentimental" and "humanitarian" and "Christian" feeling will be swept away by the national feeling, and England will fight Russia for her Eastern empire as zealously as she ever fought France. It is asserted that Mr. Gladstone himself does not appear to trust the feeling to which he appeals, and that if he were really in earnest, he would attempt the overthrow of the Disraeli Administration. But that it would come to this, should the Administration evidently intend war, there can be no doubt. Then we should see precisely the force of the conflicting sentiments in England. Certainly it would be an extraordinary spectacle, that of Protestant England, led by a descendant of Spanish Jews, allied with Roman Catholic states to protect Mohammedan oppression of Christians.

A POPULAR FALLACY.

The fallacies in regard to the public service are so amusing, and are so constantly repeated with owlish solemnity, that a neat and trenchant exposure of them, such as that recently made by Professor Willard Fiske, is a public service in itself. He mentions, but does not elaborate, one of the most enormous of these fallacies, namely, that positions in a government office are political. The mass of them are not political in any sense. The village post-office is no more a political office than the village savings-bank. An appraisership or a surveyorship is in itself as non-political as a clerkship, high or low, at Stewart's. The collectorship of New York is no more a political post than the presidency of the Bank of America. The more clearly this is seen, the more decided will be the check to the fury of party spirit, and the more decent and tolerable politics will become. Those who take it for granted that all the minor public positions must be filled by partisans of the dominant party have never yet been able and never will be able to show why a Federalist could not distribute the village letters as promptly and carefully as a National Republican, or why an intelligent officer of one party can not decide upon the proper duty under a tariff as well as an intelligent officer of the other party. As party men, A may favor free trade, and B a high tariff. That is a legitimate political difference. It is upon such questions of policy that parties properly divide. But when B's party has secured a majority in Congress, and high duties have been laid, A will collect them just as honestly and vigilantly as B.

This being so, the question whether there are not as many men in one party as in the other who are fit to fill the offices is simply silly. There are men passing in the street every day who are doubtless as competent to fill the positions in banks and offices as the men who actually occupy them. Is that a reason for turning the incumbents out and filling their places with the others? If a man is turned out of the custom-house because he is a Democrat, on the ground that there are plenty of Republicans as fit for the place as he, what is to be done for the hundreds of other Republican applicants who are just as fit as the one who is appointed, yet for whom there are no places? There is nothing more ludicrous than the conclusive air with which somebody asks a friend of the reform whether he really thinks that his own party can not furnish good men enough for the offices. He might, with equal sense, ask Mr. Vanderbilt whether he really supposes that there are not black-eyed men enough fit for brakemen on the Central Railroad. Mr. Vanderbilt would probably intimate, with more or less courtesy, that he didn't know and he didn't care, and the answer would be equally relevant to the other question.

If the fitness of applicants is to determine the question of employment in the public offices, party considerations are simply impertinent and worse. The main point being to ascertain fitness, to require that fitness shall be sought only among the adherents of one party is merely to continue the system which makes the spoils the great object of elections. And if fit men only are to be appointed, and if political recommendations are not to be accepted as final evidence of fitness, the fitness must somehow be ascertained. Then there must be inquiry, and inquiry, if it be of any value whatever, is examination. It is constantly said that the only reform required is putting good and proper men into the offices. But the very question of effective reform is precisely that—how shall good men be found and put into the offices? A striking illustration of the loose way in which the question is discussed occurs in an article upon "The New Federal Administration," in the *International Review* for May–June, 1877. The writer says, in speaking of this subject (the italics are ours):

> "Fitness for the discharge of the duties can alone be the standard; and while we do not believe that this can be determined by the Chinese sort of competitive examination, *an inquiry that shall satisfactorily determine the personal fitness for the position will be a matter of course.*"

There is not a sinecure in the custom-house that is not filled by some one whom the appointing power has determined, in a manner satisfactory to itself, that it must appoint. Personal fitness can be ascertained in one of two ways only—either by actual experimental proof, after selection by examination, or by representations conclusive with the appointing power. The latter is the present method, and the author of the article recommends it as a reform. Meanwhile a competitive examination is the same in America as in China, and is a very simple and practicable device for ascertaining, among a hundred applicants for an office, who is best fitted for it. What the author of the article really says is that the appointing officer should select fit subordinates. But he knows, of course, that this is the very theory of the present system. And as a theory nothing could be finer. What is better than that fit men in the higher offices should appoint equally fit men to the lower? This is indeed "the best civil service system upon the planet." But the fact differs from the theory. The fact is that the higher officers are not necessarily appointed for fitness, and they fill the subordinate places precisely as their own places have been filled. The testimony in the present investigation of the Custom-house plainly shows this, and it was already a familiar fact. If, as the writer in the *International* holds, and as we think, fitness for the discharge of the duties should be the standard by which appointment is determined, that fitness, we repeat, must be ascertained either as the appointing officer chooses, which is the present plan, or by some kind of examination. It is the plan of leaving appointments exclusively to an officer who is himself a political appointment, that makes the mischief which is to be reformed. And the reform is to be effected not by an aspiration or a good feeling, but by a detailed method.

THE DE KALB MASSACRE.

The late frightful affray at De Kalb, in Mississippi, is but an illustration of the half-barbarous social condition of certain parts of the old Slave States. It is one of the unhappy legacies of slavery. A society which tolerates human slavery must act accordingly. It must socially and legally degrade the slaves, and it must foster ignorance. Doing this, which is a necessity, it necessarily, also, imbrutes and barbarizes the entire community. One of the truest assertions of the old antislavery debate was that slavery was as bad for the master as for the slave. The extinction of slavery by military power, and the consequent feeling that rankled in the more ignorant of the master class, have constantly fomented trouble since the war ended. The vague sense of injury, the practice of carrying arms and settling disputes by the knife and pistol, the habit of idleness and the contempt of industry, the hot passions and the amazing ignorance of morally undisciplined men in the more remote neighborhoods of the late Slave States, the true character of which was revealed by Mr. Olmsted in his remarkable volumes of Southern travel and observation just before the war, merely show, what every reasonable man has always perceived, that the advance of such communities to civilized order will be slow, and that the country will be often shocked by occurrences like the De Kalb slaughter.

It would, however, be a monstrous wrong, and a wrong that would but indefinitely postpone that order, to hold the whole body

of the people of those States responsible for such crimes. It would also betray a curious ignorance of history and of human nature to suppose that the way to prevent such outbreaks is to place the State under military law. Nor can we think that any man will seriously believe that the white Democratic population of the Southern States is organized to murder its political opponents. During the discussions of the winter we had occasion to show that there had been, incontestably, bulldozing in Louisiana and violence elsewhere. Doubtless there was plenty of ill feeling upon both sides, and a certain degree of organization for offense and defense in certain quarters. But it was in no sense a general association for assassination; and no number of troops that were retained in the Southern States, or that could be retained there, would suffice to prevent occasional disorders of the kind. To draw any conclusion from the late slaughter in Mississippi prejudicial to the policy of withdrawing the troops is futile. The troops in Louisiana certainly did not prevent the Pinkston outrage, and it was not President Hayes who withdrew them from Mississippi.

It is not a party nor a political "improvement" that is to be drawn from the De Kalb massacre. The lesson is the same as that from the encounters between Andrew Jackson and Dickinson and Benton sixty years ago. They are lawless events natural to the frontiers of civilization, and the relics of a slavery-cursed community, and which will cease only with the advance of higher intelligence. That they are deplored by wise and sensible men in the Southwest can not be doubted. But if they would strengthen themselves by winning the confidence and sympathy of "the North," they will be the first to pursue the evil-doers and to smite them with the strong hand. The interests of peace, progress, and prosperity are the same in Mississippi that they are in New York; and the friends of lawful order in both States are naturally allies.

THE ATTORNEY-GENERAL AND TWEED.

It is to be hoped that before this paper is issued, the Attorney-General of New York will have decided whether to accept the testimony offered by Tweed. His hesitation and consideration, however, were certainly natural. A man under indictment for great robberies proposes, as the price of his release, to surrender every thing that he can command, and to furnish evidence that will convict his accomplices and save immense sums to the public—evidence without which the money can not be saved, and which he alone can furnish. The Attorney-General must, of course, be very sure before he acts. He must satisfy himself that the evidence is incontrovertible, and that the release of Tweed is not a price too high to pay for it. So far the matter is very simple. If nothing were known but the fact that Tweed had stated what he could prove if he were released, there would be no doubt of the wisdom of the delay upon the part of the public prosecutor. But there are other considerations. The course of the Attorney-General, taken unquestionably with good purpose, has unfortunately implicated other persons, whom he is now morally bound to consider quite as much as he is to consider Tweed.

Among the persons with whom he consulted in regard to his official action upon the subject was Mr. John Kelly. The Attorney-General told Mr. Kelly what Tweed offered to prove against certain conspicuous public men, to whom Mr. Kelly is politically opposed. Mr. Townsend, Tweed's counsel, told Mr. Kelly substantially the same story. Mr. Kelly told it to the editor of the *World*, and the *World* published it. Whatever the understanding in regard to publication may have been among these gentlemen, it is not denied that the publication is, so far as it goes, an accurate statement of facts which Tweed offers to prove. One of these facts offered to be proved by him is that Senator Woodin sold his vote to Tweed for money. It is an assertion which, if substantiated, involves the total disgrace and ruin of a conspicuous citizen of the State now holding a high public position. It is made public by the agency of Mr. John Kelly, who had political and, officially speaking, personal reasons for wishing, just at the time of publication, to injure Senator Woodin. And for this unfortunate complication the Attorney-General is responsible, because he did not require absolute secrecy from all the persons, including Mr. Kelly, with whom he consulted, until he should authorize the disclosure. Mr. Kelly made his memorandum from Mr. Townsend's, but he testifies that he was already in possession of the important points from the Attorney-General.

Senator Woodin immediately demanded an investigation. The Senate appointed a committee, which has been constantly at work. It has found nothing damaging to Mr. Woodin, and he has made the most ample and detailed statements of his action at the time of the alleged bribery. His denial is absolute and complete. Tweed's reported assertion is very imperfect. It is, as reported, merely an offer to prove that he gave money to be given to Mr. Woodin, not that he knows money to have been given to him or received by him. Yet the withholding of the authentic statement of Tweed prevents the full and legal vindication of Senator Woodin, and leaves him exposed to the most injurious suspicion and imputation. Moreover, the Attorney-General is of the same political party with Mr. Kelly, and the present situation of the affair leaves the Attorney-General exposed to the suspicion, quite as damaging as that against Mr. Woodin, of using his official position, in collusion with Mr. Kelly, to ruin the personal character of a political opponent. This suspicion, which we do not entertain, produces very grave embarrassments.

The Attorney-General, however unintentionally, is responsible for the publication of the charges against Senator Woodin. There are many reasons, some most obvious, others not generally perceptible, which morally oblige him to do what he can to enable Mr. Woodin to refute the accusation. If he is bound in honor to Tweed, he is certainly no less bound in honor to Senator Woodin. Obviously he can not let the matter rest here. The good name of the Legislature, the dignity of the people of the State, are all concerned. If the Attorney-General accepts the offer of Tweed, Mr. Woodin will have the opportunity to establish his innocence clearly, lawfully, and conclusively. If, on the other hand, the Attorney-General declines to accept the offer, he will unquestionably state—in view of the accurate knowledge of the personal charges acquired by the public through his responsibility—that Tweed has offered to furnish proof of corruption upon the part of certain persons which the Attorney-General has declined because he is convinced that it would be entirely inadequate to establish the charge. Tweed's offer must be published, or the Attorney-General must declare that it is valueless.

THE LATE EDWARD SEYMOUR.

The resolutions of the publishers, at the large meeting after the late sudden and unexpected death of Edward Seymour, spoke of him with a generous and affectionate admiration, which is shared by all who had friendly relations with him. He was peculiarly fitted by his academic training at Yale, his sagacity, intelligence, earnestness, and enthusiasm, and by his untiring energy, for the business in which he was engaged. A man of great—by far too great—activity, of deep and strong and constant religious feeling, of large sympathy, and a high ideal, it was his noble ambition to associate his name only with the publication of good books—books that should enlighten, elevate, and aid the reader. The Reverend Dr. Hall, in his remarks at the funeral, spoke of this fact, and of the community of interest and action among authors, publishers, preachers, and editors. They are all teachers. They are all incessantly engaged in influencing public opinion. They may be often personally unknown even while they are doing a great service—as Edward Seymour during the war, and after his hard day's work in the office of the *Times*, where he was then engaged, went home to give his silent evening hours to writing letters to great English journals that favorably moulded the British judgment of the struggle. He was content to do the work and let the glory go. It was that spirit which triumphed, and it was illustrated in Seymour and others like him as signally as by brave men in the field.

For nearly ten years he has been connected with the publishing house of Scribner, Armstrong, & Co., and in his business the fidelity, the tact, the unwearied devotion that characterized him, have all been made manifest. He was especially interested in one of the great enterprises of the house—the illustrated American history of Messrs. Bryant and Gay, in the success of which he had a peculiar pride. He was still young—only forty-three. His simple, modest, and manly manner charmed all whom he met. He was constantly busy at his office, welcome at his club, beloved in his Sunday-school, cheerful in every encounter, with his face set apparently toward a happy future, when the golden bowl of life that held all this gentle worth and bright expectancy was suddenly broken. Of the closer, tenderer ties that bound his heart, as of the religious hope in which he trusted, this is not the place to speak. But surely a man's noble manhood and his work well done could not be more plainly attested than by the sincere and solemn and tender sorrow that accompanied Edward Seymour to the grave.

PERSONAL.

Ex-President Grant, with a party of fifteen friends, was the guest of Mr. Thomas Nast, the artist, at Morristown, New Jersey, on the 2d inst.

—Mr. John Forsyth, editor of the Mobile *Register*, died at Mobile on the 2d inst., at the age of sixty-six. He was for many years a power in the South, not only among journalists, but among politicians. During the administration of President Pierce he was minister to Mexico. His father was in his time a man of mark, having been United States Senator in 1818–19 and from 1829 to 1837, minister to Spain from 1819 to 1822, and Secretary of State under President Jackson, in which position he was continued by President Van Buren until the end of his administration.

—In a recent number of an English literary paper it is mentioned as a fact that the poet Wordsworth is said to have had the organ of veneration more highly developed than any man of his time in Europe, and it was this that made Haydon select him, in company with Newton and Voltaire, for his picture of "Christ's Entry into Jerusalem"—Newton meditating, Voltaire sneering, and Wordsworth adoring.

—Not a bad "personal" of Marshal De Mourcy, who discovered that pigeons were consolatory. When a friend or relative died, he would say to his cook, "Roast pigeons to-day. I notice that when I have eaten two pigeons, I rise from table comforted."

—It is gratifying to know that General Augur, one of the most accomplished soldiers in the army, receives commendations from all quarters for the admirable discretion and tact with which he has discharged his delicate and embarrassing duties at New Orleans. Even the *Picayune* gives him hearty praise, saying, "It was in the power of General Augur, by adopting a different course, to complicate the situation here, and to render the solution of our difficulties more remote and embarrassing than it has been. It is only just that this acknowledgment should thus be publicly made in this our day of rejoicing and triumph. We recognize in General Augur a soldier of courage, an officer of discretion, and a man of honor. When the exigencies of the service shall call him to other scenes, we shall regret his departure."

—The real power behind the throne at St. Petersburg, the man next to Gortchakoff, is a little humpbacked Jew named Hamburger. He was trained up in the Foreign Office, first under the auspices of Count Nesselrode, and is now the right hand of Gortchakoff. He is a Privy Councilor, and the active man of the ministry.

—President Seelye, of Amherst College, has given all his salary, while a Representative in Congress from Massachusetts, to the town of Amherst, to be expended in laying sidewalks through the village. He will be "known by his walks as well as by his conversation."

—Lord Beaconsfield being asked, the other day, how he liked the House of Lords, replied, "I feel as if I were dead, but in the Elysian Fields!"

—The new minister to France, ex-Governor Noyes, of Ohio, is a native of Massachusetts, and a graduate of Dartmouth, where he ranked fourth in a class of over fifty members. He went to Cincinnati when young, studied law, and practiced until the outbreak of war, when he was among the first to enlist. He was made Major of the Thirty-ninth Ohio Infantry, served under Pope, and was in the attack on New Madrid. He was also in the battles at Corinth and Parker's Cross-roads, and lost a leg in the Atlanta campaign. While in the army he was elected City Solicitor of Cincinnati, and in 1865 was elected Probate Judge, and received the commission of Brevet Brigadier-General. He was elected Governor of Ohio in 1871 over G. W. M'Cook. It was General Noyes who nominated General Hayes at the Cincinnati Convention.

—Judge Spofford, the new United States Senator from Louisiana, is a C. B., but of the correct sort. He is a native of Connecticut, and a son of the Rev. Luke A. Spofford, a Congregational clergyman, for many years settled in Gilmanton, New Hampshire.

—General Garfield, of Ohio, is sometimes spoken of by his friends as "the lion of the House." When he rises to speak, he stands in the aisle ready to launch his speech straight to your heart and head, no reading, no quotations, but face to face with the audience, as a man talks with his friend. The speaker is a noble-looking man, somewhat of the German type, a stout, compact physique, large head, genial face, with full beard and ample forehead. He impresses his audience with the feeling that he wishes to gain their good-will. He begins with the careful courtesy of saying all he can on the side of those who differ from him, and then hurls himself into his own side of the argument, sure of a kind hearing even from his opponents. He has a fine voice, with deep chest tones, and a reserve of strength that is ready for any climax of eloquence.

—M. De Girardin is described by a French journalist as "a man who rises every day at four o'clock to make enemies."

—The Collector of the port of Philadelphia, Mr. Tutton, being a little anxious as to his official chances, went to Washington the other day to see the President about it. "How long have you been in the office?" asked the President. "Less than a year," was the answer. "Well," said Mr. Hayes, "as commissions run for four years, there is time enough yet to talk about a change." Mr. T. returned to Phil. with the sweetest of feelings.

—Thomas Hughes calls attention to the fact that but for the woman who became his wife when he was an enthusiastic young man panting for adventure, Charles Kingsley would have come to America in the summer of 1839, and that when Kingsley looked across the Mississippi at Council Bluffs from Omaha, the eastern terminus of the Pacific Railway, the tears came to his eyes as he thanked God for his wife, and thought what might have been.

—Lord Beaconsfield's love for pipes is keen, and is well known among his more intimate friends. One of these, calling upon him one morning, was surprised to see on the table a long case, not unlike a coffin, stuck all over with colored labels. When his lordship entered the room, he, while talking, opened the box, and took therefrom a variety of pipes of every possible kind and shape, from handsome hookahs to dwarf dudheens. He handled them with great care and affection, explaining that the case had followed him from place to place on the Continent, always a day too late, and had been sent to London in the last resort, the carriage costing over £8. The pipes were for the Conservative leader's unrivaled collection, and were transferred to his house in Whitehall two years ago.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

On the 1st inst. the New York Assembly passed Senator Emerson's bill authorizing the election of women as school trustees, by a vote of 85 to 20. Most of the opposing votes were cast by Democrats.—On the 3d, the Omnibus Bill passed the Assembly, with Mr. Fish's amendments.

On the 1st, a portion of the roof of the New York Post-office, which was being repaired by workmen, fell, killing three men and wounding two others.

The demand for postal-cards continues to increase monthly. During the month of April last 20,729,000 cards were issued by the Post-office Department.

The cabinet, on the 4th inst., voted to postpone calling the extra session of Congress till the 15th of October.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The Eastern War: An official dispatch from the front to the Russian Minister of War says: "On April 26 our infantry reached Kuruckdara, and our cavalry Subotin and Chadzivali. The strong position of Muchaster was occupied on the 26th. The loss by the bombardment of Fort St. Nicholas was one killed. On the 27th, the Turkish Monitors approached Poti, but went away without doing any damage."—It has recently been disclosed that on the 16th ult. Russia and Roumania signed an agreement, under the terms of which Russia is to be allowed to use Roumanian roads, railroads, rivers, and telegraphs. The resources of the country are placed at the disposal of the Russians for the supply of the army. The Roumanian authorities are to assist in erecting camps and forwarding baggage. Russian military trains and dispatches are to have the precedence of ordinary traffic. The Russians are empowered to complete unfinished railroads, and the necessary ground for this purpose is ceded to them. The chief of the Russian Military Traffic Department is empowered, subject to the approval of the Roumanian Ministers of Works, to dismiss Roumanian railroad officers. The Russians are allowed to establish military stations and hospitals any where except in Bucharest. Roumania will, if required, provide material for the construction of boats, ships, and bridges. Articles intended for the Russian army will be admitted into Roumania duty free. The Roumanian authorities will assist in capturing Russian deserters. All the expenses incurred through the passage of the Russians are to be paid in cash within two months.—On the 30th ult. Queen Victoria issued a proclamation of strict neutrality between the contending nations. The Duke Decazes has announced the absolute neutrality of France.—The Bey of Tunis has offered the Sultan 18,000 infantry and 5000 cavalry, provided the Porte will pay part of the expense of their transportation and equipment.—The Turks have captured two Roumanian war vessels.—The first fighting in Herzegovina, since the armistice, took place on the 29th ult. The vanguard of a Turkish force was attacked, and fifteen were killed. All Mussulmans in Bosnia and Herzegovina between the ages of sixteen and sixty have been ordered to join the Turkish army in those provinces.—Russia, at the request of Roumania, has declared the navigation of the Danube re-opened, subject to certain local restrictions.—The London *Telegraph* of the 1st inst. has a Pera telegram giving the following account of Hobart Pasha's running the blockade at Galatz in his steamer *Rethymo*: "The admiral left Rustchuk at night. On arriving at Galatz, which was guarded by torpedoes and heavy batteries commanding the river, the lights on the steamer were extinguished, but a rocket from the Roumanian shore showed that Hobart Pasha's approach was discovered, and apprised the Muscovite gunners. On his coming abreast of the batteries, the heavy guns began to fire, but the *Rethymo* was run so close in shore that the gunners were unable to depress their pieces fast enough to get good aim. The admiral only fired one shot, and the *Rethymo* passed to the Black Sea safely."—Russian official dispatches from the Caucasian frontier give an account of the military operations from April 28. These were mostly cavalry reconnaissances, one of which succeeded in destroying telegraphic communication from Kars to Erzerum for a distance of ten versts (six and seven-eleventh miles). Relative to the operations before Kars, the official report says General Melikoff, with the object of supporting his cavalry, left his camp on April 29, accompanied by twelve battalions, forty pieces of artillery, and a large force of Cossacks. His cavalry reached Vizinkeff on the evening of the 30th. After a two hours' artillery engagement, eight Turkish battalions, with field artillery, issued from the fortress of Kars, and occupied a position protected by fortifications. The Russian artillery fire dismounted one Turkish gun. General Melikoff, on May 1, leaving the body of cavalry at Vizinkeff, returned with the remainder of his forces to the camp at Ziama. The Russian loss was one killed and five wounded. The Russians took over one hundred Turks prisoners.—A dispatch from Mukhtar Pasha, dated April 30, announces that the Russians having advanced in great force toward Kars in a westerly direction, with the object of intercepting Turkish communications with Erzerum, the Turkish commander, leaving a sufficient force at Kars, marched out with nine battalions, and occupied the village of Ichilakli, near Yardin and west of Kars. A subsequent telegram from Mukhtar Pasha, dated May 1, announces that some of the inhabitants of Kars had brought him reports that the Russians had attacked Kars, but were repulsed with loss. According to a telegram from the Turkish commander at Batum, Russian military operations were arrested by rainy weather.—On the morning of the 3d, three Turkish Monitors opened fire on the Russian batteries near Ibrail, in Wallachia, and on the town itself, but were compelled to retire. One of the Turkish boats was set on fire by the Russian batteries. No one was killed, and no injury was inflicted by the Turks. The bombardment was renewed on the following day. Five bombs fell into the town, two of which struck the residence of the prefect. There was a slight loss of life, and one house was destroyed.—On the 3d, the Roumanians, with 9000 men and twenty-four Krupp guns, took military possession of Kalafat, with the view of fortifying it and holding it against the Turks.—Fifteen engines with 200 railway carriages from Warsaw for Roumania have been stopped by the floods.—On the 3d, a Russian prize was brought into Constantinople, with a cargo of salt.—No fresh troops have recently crossed the Pruth toward Galatz, but a large mass is concentrated on the further side.—The London *Times's* dispatch from Bucharest, on the 5th inst., says the Russian advance guard has reached Urzitchehi, south of Busco.

On the 3d inst. a land-slide occurred on the banks of the Veillet, 100 miles northeast of Montreal, burying two mills, a dwelling-house, and five persons. The bodies recovered were hardly recognizable.

The French Chamber of Deputies, on the 4th, by a vote of 361 to 121, adopted an order of the day, presented by the Left and accepted by the government. The order declares that the Chamber considers that the renewal of ultramontane manifestations constitutes a danger to peace at home and abroad, and calls upon the government to use the lawful means at its disposal.

The Novelty Oil Cabinet Works, in Montreal, Canada, were burned on the 29th ult. The side walls suddenly fell, and buried under the ruins a number of firemen and citizens who were aiding in extinguishing the fire.

The river Dnieper, at Krementschug, in Russia, overflowed recently, and rendered 20,000 persons homeless.

Six hundred houses were burned, April 28, in the Greek quarter of Constantinople.

EDHEM PASHA, GRAND VIZIER OF TURKEY.

ABD-UL-KERIM PASHA, TURKISH COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF.

EDHEM PASHA.

THE present Grand Vizier of Turkey, though a Mohammedan by religion and education, is said to be a Greek by birth, a native of the isle of Scio, where he was born in 1823. While still a boy he was sold as a slave to the well-known Turkish statesman KHOSRU PASHA. His master soon perceived the extraordinary abilities of his young slave, and sent him to be educated in Paris. On his return to Constantinople he was appointed a Captain on the general staff, and was rapidly promoted. In 1849 he was appointed Aid-de-camp to the Sultan, and filled successively several high civil offices. He became Minister of Foreign Affairs, and subsequently was Embassador at several European courts. On the downfall of MIDHAT PASHA, he was appointed to his present position.

THE TURKISH COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF.

ABD-UL-KERIM PASHA, the Generalissimo of the Turkish army, has distinguished himself of late by his successful campaign against the Servians. It is somewhat doubtful, however, whether the credit of this should not go to the energy of the generals who served under him, as ABD-UL-KERIM achieved little himself in the field, but remained at head-quarters at Nisch until a way had been opened for him to Djunis, and thence to Alexinatz. ABD-UL-KERIM, like many of the leading men among the Turks, received his education in Europe, having studied at Vienna under General HAUSLAB. In appearance he is somewhat corpulent, and a trifle lame. He is said to have very pleasant manners, but to be rather taciturn.

ARRIVAL OF TURKISH RECRUITS AT CONSTANTINOPLE.—[SEE DOUBLE PAGE.]

TO THE RESCUE—HURRYING WITH A SURF-BOAT TO THE SCENE OF A WRECK.—Drawn by Schell and Hogan.—[See Page 393.]

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AN OPEN VERDICT.

BY MISS M. E. BRADDON,

AUTHOR OF "TAKEN AT THE FLOOD," "DEAD MEN'S SHOES," "JOSHUA HAGGARD'S DAUGHTER," "WEAVERS AND WEFT," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

MRS. DULCIMER HAS HER VIEWS.

"SIR KENRICK would be a splendid match for her," said the Vicar's wife.

"As poor as Job, and as proud as Lucifer," retorted the Vicar, without lifting his eyes from a volume of his favorite, Bishop Berkeley.

It was the Vicar's way in these *tête-à-tête* conversations by the domestic hearth. He read, and his wife talked to him. He could keep his attention on the most intricate chain of argument, and yet never answer Mrs. Dulcimer's speculative assertions or vague questionings away from the purpose. This was the happy result of long habit. The Vicar loved his books, and his wife loved the exercise of her tongue. His morning hours were sacred. He studied or read as he pleased till dinner-time, secure from feminine interruption. But the evening was a privileged time for Mrs. Dulcimer. She brought a big work-basket, like an inverted bee-hive, into the library directly after dinner, and established herself in the arm-chair opposite the Vicar's, ready for a comfortable chat. A comfortable chat meant a vivacious monologue, with an occasional remark from Mr. Dulcimer, who came in now and then like a chorus. He had his open book on the reading easel attached to his chair, and turned the leaves with a languid air sometimes, as if out of mere absence of mind; but he was deep in philosophy, or metaphysics, or theology, or antiquarianism, for the greater part of his time, and his inward ear was listening to the mystic voices of the dead, while his outward ear gave respectful attention to Mrs. Dulcimer's critical observations upon the living.

"As poor as Job, and as proud as Lucifer," repeated the Vicar, with his eye upon a stiffish passage in Berkeley.

"I call it a proper pride," said Mrs. Dulcimer. "And as for poverty, she would have money enough for both. And then he has the estate."

"Mortgaged up to the hilt."

"And the title."

"Now do you really believe, Selina, that those three letters in the alphabet, S I R, prefixed to a man's name, can give him the smallest possible distinction in the estimate of any of his fellow-creatures not lunatic?"

"What is the use of talking in that high and mighty way, Clement? I know when I was at school at the Misses Turk's, at Great Yafford, that Mary Turner, who had red hair and a speckly skin, was very much looked up to because her uncle was a baronet. He lived a long way off, and he never took any notice of her, that we could find out; but he was a baronet, and we all felt as if there was a difference in her on that account. I don't pretend to say that we were not very ridiculous for thinking so, but still, you know, a school is only the world in little—and the world sets a high value on titles. I should like to see Beatrix mistress of Culverhouse Castle."

"Her father's money would be convenient for paying off the mortgages, no doubt, provided Mr. Harefield approved of the marriage. Rather a difficult old gentleman, I fancy."

"Difficult!" cried Mrs. Dulcimer; "he's detestable! a wicked old tyrant. If it were not for our friendship, Beatrix's life would be unendurable."

"Do you really think we are any good to her?" inquired the Vicar, in his dreamily uncertain way, as of a man who was too doubtful about the groundwork of existence to feel any certainty about its minor details.

This was his Bishop Berkeley mood, his mind varying in hue and tone according to the book he was reading. Just now he felt that mind was paramount over matter, and was hardly disposed to interest himself warmly in a young woman who might have no existence, except in his own idea of her.

"My dear, our house is the only notion of home the poor child has; the only place where she meets pleasant people, or hears and sees pleasant things. How can we fail to improve and develop her? I am sure, without egotism, I may say that I have been a godsend to that motherless girl. Think how *farouche* she was when she first came to us."

"Yes, she was a wild, untamed kind of creature," assented the Vicar. "I don't think she had read any books but her Bible and Shakspeare. Beautiful as a portrait by Rembrandt though, with that tawny skin of hers. I call her *la belle sauvage*. She always reminds me of Pocahontas."

"Now wouldn't it be a blessing, Clement, if we could see her well married—married to a man of position, you know, and an honorable-minded man, like Kenrick? You know you always said he was honorable. You could always believe him."

"True, my love. Kenrick had his good qualities. He was not a lad that my heart ever warmed to, but I believe he did his work honestly, and he never told me a lie."

"Then don't you think," urged the enthusiastic Selina, "that he would make Beatrix Harefield an excellent husband?"

"My dear," said the Vicar, gravely, "you are the best-natured of women; but I'm afraid you do a great deal of harm."

"Clement!"

"Yes, my love. Good nature in the abstract is undoubtedly beautiful; but an active good nature, always on the alert to do some service to its fellow-creatures, is of all attributes the most dangerous. Have you read the story of this good man, Bishop Berkeley, to found a college in the Bermudas resulted in waste of time and money. He would have done better had he staid at his Irish Deanery. The man who does least harm in the world is your calmly selfish person, who goes through life by the narrow path of a rational self-indulgence, and never turns aside to benefit or interfere with the rest of the human race."

"One of your dreadful paradoxes, Clement. How does that agree with St. Paul's definition of charity?"

"My love, St. Paul's charity is a supremely passive virtue. Suffereth long; is not easily provoked; is not puffed up; thinketh no evil—all compatible with strict neutrality as to one's fellow-creatures' affairs."

"Suffereth long—*and is kind*; you left that out, Clement."

"Kindness there I take to imply a mental state, and not a pushing, exacting benevolence," replied the Vicar. "Charity poketh not its nose into its neighbor's business; maketh not matches; busieth not itself with the conduct of other people's lives; and never does any harm. Good nature does no end of mischief—in a perfectly well-meaning way."

The Vicar spoke with some soreness. Poor Mrs. Dulcimer's good nature, and sometimes misdirected energy, had been getting her into trouble for the last twenty years. Every body liked her; every body dreaded and abhorred her good nature. She had no children of her own, and was always full of good advice for the mothers of her acquaintance. She knew when babies ought to be weaned, and when they were going to have the measles. She tried to heal family quarrels, and invariably made the breach wider. She loved match-making, but her matches, when brought to the triumphant conclusion of license or wedding cake, seldom stood the test of a few years' matrimony. She was so eager to do the best for the young men and women of her acquaintance, that she generally brought ill-assorted people together: taking too broad a view of the fitness of things, on the ground of income, family, age, and such vulgar qualifications, and ignoring those subtle differences which set an eternal mark of separation upon certain members of the human family.

"I think, Selina, if I were you, I would leave Beatrix to find a husband for herself," said the Vicar, without drawing his attention from Berkeley, and stretching out his legs comfortably before the wide hearth. "She is young; there is plenty of time. Let her come here as often as she pleases. I like to see that Rembrandt face of hers. But let things take their own course.

> 'There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
> Rough-hew them how we will.'

Don't you think it is almost an impertinence toward that ever-active Providence for us poor worms to be always taking one another's lives under our petty protection and trying to shape them our way?"

"Clement!" exclaimed Mrs. Dulcimer, ruffling her plumes a little. She wore a good deal of lace frilling and muslin puffing about her neck and breast, and these adornments were subject to an occasional agitation, like the feathers of an excited Dorking, or one of the Vicar's golden-penciled Hamburgs. "Clement," cried Mrs. Dulcimer, "you have a beautiful temper, but I'm afraid you are selfish."

The Vicar laid down his book with a smile of satisfaction. He saw the opportunity for a paradox.

"My love, did you ever know a good-tempered man who wasn't selfish; or rather, did you ever know a thoroughly selfish person who wasn't good-tempered? Your wisely selfish man knows his own interest too well to fret and fume about trifles. He knows that, after five-and-twenty years of age, the supreme good in this life is repose, and that he can never enjoy it unless he cultivates an easy temper."

"Selfishness is a vice, Clement."

"That depends upon what we call selfishness. If a strict neutrality as to my neighbor's business means selfishness, assuredly I am the most selfish of men."

"The Gospel tells us we are to love our neighbor as ourselves, Clement."

"I obey that divine precept implicitly. I never worry myself. I never worry my neighbor." He might have gone a step further and said that he liked to feed his neighbor as well as he liked to feed himself—for in that one quality of giving away his substance the Rev. Clement Dulcimer was a faithful follower of his Divine Master.

"And I'm afraid you allow things in your parish that oughtn't to be, Clement, sometimes," ventured Mrs. Dulcimer.

"My dear, God allows them. They are done under the all-seeing Eye. If He can not make men better, do you suppose I can?"

"You might lead them to Him, dear."

"I try my best to do that, Selina, but I don't drive them. That's where I fall short, I admit. Cyril is trying his hand at the driving process. He's young and energetic. We shall see how it answers, and how long he sticks at it."

"Cyril is the most earnest young man you've ever had as a curate."

"I taught him myself, and I know what he's made of," murmured the Vicar.

"And there's no denying that he has done good already, Clement. The schools are better attended, and there are more poor people at church on a Sunday evening."

"As you have such a high opinion of Cyril, how is it that you have never thought of him as a husband for Beatrix? A clergyman ought to marry a fortune if he marries at all. He can put the money out to higher interest than any one else. He keeps a deposit account in heaven."

"But, Clement, the title!" exclaimed Mrs. Dulcimer, "and Culverhouse Castle. Such a position for dear Beatrix."

"Ah, to be sure, the position! I suppose a girl thinks more about that nowadays than of her lover's mind or person. But certainly Cyril is both handsomer and cleverer than his cousin Kenrick. I should like a curate with a large income; it would be so good for the parish. And then we might rub on without the weekly offertory Cyril is always plaguing me to institute, and which, I am convinced, will set my congregation against me. Fancy me going up to my pulpit as a beggar every Sunday, and my people expecting value for their money out of my sermon! Imagine their remarks at the church door. 'Not much there for sixpence,' 'A very poor shilling's worth,' and so forth."

"Clement," cried Mrs. Dulcimer, thoroughly scandalized this time, and with all her frills in motion, "you ought never to have been a clergyman."

"My love, I freely admit that some easier walk in life might have suited me better. A sub-librarian's place, now, in some antique library, like the Cheetham Institution at Manchester. I should have had my books round me, and my superior to tell me what to do. No responsibilities, and leisure for self-culture. But if I am a poor creature as a parson, you supplement me so well, Selina, that, between us, I think we do our duty to the parish. That last batch of soup was excellent. I tasted it yesterday at old Dame Hardy's. The clear soup we get at Lord Highflyer's state dinners is mere pot-liquor compared with it. Indeed, I think," pursued the Vicar, dreamily, as if he were meditating a proposition of Berkeley's, "that all clear soups are more or less a mistake—tasting only of sherry and burned sugar."

"Always thinking of temporal blessings, Clement."

"They are the only blessings we can fully realize while on this side of eternity, my dear. We may be excused if we sometimes set an undue value on them."

Mrs. Dulcimer sighed, and opened her work-basket. There were little shirts and flannel swathings to be made for new-comers into this world of trouble. Heirs apparently to a life of labor, with a reversionary interest in the work-house. The Vicar's wife spread her piece of linen on the table and began a series of problems with a parallelogram in stiff brown paper, in order to find out how she might get the maximum of baby shirts out of the minimum of linen. It vexed her that her husband should take life so lightly, and be troubled about a few things, when she was troubled about so many. She had no doubt that he was in the wrong, and that she and Cyril Culverhouse understood the real meaning of their duties a great deal better than the Vicar.

Clement Dulcimer was the living embodiment of an idea which at this time had not yet been put before the world by Mr. Matthew Arnold. He was all sweetness and light. He believed in culture as the highest good. He lived among his books, and upon his books; and those books were of the best that the elect of this world have written. He sought no happiness beyond his library; save in his garden and poultry-yard, which afforded his senses the gratification of color and sweet scents, sunshine and balmy air. He had travelled little, and sighed but faintly for a pleasure which he found impossible. His books and his poor absorbed all his spare cash. There was none left for foreign travel, so Mr. Dulcimer was content to enjoy Greece in the pages of Thucydides or "Childe Harold;" to stand on the threshold of the sacred grove with Antigone; to know Cithæron only on the lips of Œdipus; to see the sandy plain of Marathon, or the walls of Thebes, with his mind's eye alone.

"I dare say I should be disappointed if I saw the reality," he murmured, placidly. "Realities are so disenchanting. Or I might be taken by brigands, and poor Selina would have to sell her great-grandfather's silver tea-kettle to ransom me." The living at Little Yafford was a good one, and the parish was small. It was altogether one of those exceptional cures which are reserved for the more fortunate sons of the Church. Mr. Dulcimer had obtained it while he was quite a young man, the living being in the gift of his uncle, Sir Philip Dulcimer, of Hawtree Hall and Yafford Park. Yafford Park was rather a dreary place, with an unwieldy barrack of the Georgian era in the middle of it, and Sir Philip had been very glad to grant a large lease of park and mansion to Mr. Piper, the Bradford manufacturer, who spent a great deal more money in Little Yafford than Sir Philip would have done, but who was looked down upon by his neighbors, on principle. Great Yafford, the manufacturing town five miles off, was as radical a place as you would care to find; but Little Yafford was essentially aristocratic, ignored the commercial element altogether, and thought it an affliction to be so near Great Yafford and its tall chimneys.

Little Yafford had perhaps some right to give itself airs, on the strength of being one of the prettiest villages in Yorkshire. It was like a spoiled beauty, and felt that nothing could be too good for it. Great bleak hills rose up between it and the bitter east winds, a river wound in and out of the village like a broad shining serpent, and licked its green meadows and garden boundaries. The long low stone bridge was as old as the Romans. There was not an ugly house in the place, except that big barrack of Sir Philip's, and that was hidden away in the park. There was not a neglected garden or an objectionable pig-sty. The gentry were all well-to-do people, who bestowed money and care upon the beautifications of their homes, and the poorer parishioners were under the influence of Mr. Dulcimer's sweetness and light and Mrs. Dulcimer's active good nature, and labored industriously to make their cottages lovely.

To come from stony, noisy, smoky, crowded Great Yafford to pastoral Little Yafford was like coming from purgatory to paradise—an earthly paradise of rustic beauty and placid repose, content and harmony. Yet Mr. Dulcimer's last new curate, Cyril Culverhouse, breathed many a thoughtful sigh over the ignorances and even vices which he discovered in this smiling village; coming out of some cottage door, over which the roses and honeysuckle hung in unpruned luxuriance, his lips involuntarily ejaculated the familiar words of the evening collect, "Lighten our darkness, we beseech Thee, O Lord."

CHAPTER II.

SWORD AND GOWN.

AT various periods of his tranquil career the Rev. Clement Dulcimer had found it convenient to add to his income by taking a private pupil or two. He could not have endured a herd of young men, as he called it—meaning half a dozen or so—but he rather liked to have a couple of intelligent young fellows following him about through the easy, dawdling progress of his out-of-door life, or hanging upon his words in the comfortable quietude of his study. He was an excellent master for classics and theology—mathematics he frankly abhorred—and taught conscientiously in his own unconventional way. The men he coached generally came out well; but in after-life there was a tinge of eccentricity in them—a strain imparted by Clement Dulcimer unawares, and which, in one or two cases, took the unhappy form of latitudinarianism. Spinoza on the brain, some people called it.

The two pupils who had staid longest at the Vicarage and occupied the most important position in the minds of the Vicar and his wife were Kenrick Culverhouse and his first cousin Cyril. Old Sir Kenrick and the Vicar had been at Oxford together, and it seemed the most natural thing that the baronet should send his only son and his orphan nephew to his old chum, more especially as he could nowhere else educate them so well or so cheaply. Culverhouse Castle was a fine old historical place in Hampshire, which tourists went out of their way to see, but which old Sir Kenrick did not regard with any enthusiasm. He had been more or less under a cloud of money difficulties ever since he could remember, and preferred lodgings in St. James's to his feudal birthplace. The moat was all very well, and so was the massive old keep, on the top of which the gardener had made a kitchen-garden for gooseberries and strawberry beds; but Sir Kenrick liked Jermyn Street and the clubs a great deal better; and if a man must have a castle, the King's Bench, in which he had spent some of the liveliest days of his youth, was much pleasanter to his mind than Culverhouse. Lady Culverhouse was fond of the castle, no doubt, or, at any rate, she staid there, and it was a tradition in the family that no other air suited her, and that she was quite rooted to the spot—a tradition which was all the more firmly established because nobody had ever proposed taking her any where else. Old Sir Kenrick and his wife had gone to join the family ashes in the vault under Culverhouse Church, and young Sir Kenrick reigned in his father's stead. All the quicksilver in the Culverhouse veins seemed to have run out with the last baronet. Young Kenrick was steady and thoughtful, and the mortgages weighed upon his spirits like a nightmare. He was always thinking what the estate would be if those mortgages could but be paid off.

It seemed to him an El Dorado. But there were only he and his cousin and heir-presumptive to accomplish this great work. And how were two young men, moderately gifted, to earn fifty thousand pounds between them?

"Unless one of us were to break out into a Walter Scott, I don't see how it's to be done," Kenrick said to Mrs. Dulcimer, in one of his confidential talks with that good-natured lady, who knew all that he could tell her about the mortgages and the property. "The army won't do it, and the Church won't do it, and the law wouldn't do it under thirty years' work. Engineering might do it, perhaps, if we could blossom into Brunels, and get contracts for railways and things; but, you see, neither of us has a turn for engineering."

"You ought both to marry heiresses," suggested Mrs. Dulcimer.

"Oh no; that's horrid. We couldn't do that," cried Kenrick. "That's caddish."

This was how Kenrick had talked at seventeen, when he was in his state of tutelage. He was more reticent about himself and his prospects now, at nine-and-twenty; but Mrs. Dulcimer had forgotten nothing, and when Kenrick looked grave, she always thought he was brooding upon the mortgages.

"I know that the dearest wish of his heart is to redeem the family position," she said, and this was what set her thinking about a marriage between Sir Kenrick and old Mr. Harefield's only daughter and heiress.

Cyril had gone into the Church. He loved his profession for its own sake, and thought very little of the loaves and fishes. He would like to be a bishop, no doubt, when his time came; but it was for the sake of having a great influence and doing things in his own way, not for social status or income, that he would have desired a mitre. Doing things in his own way—that was Cyril's idea of a perfect life. To make his church beautiful, according to his idea of beauty; to have good music, and a strict adherence to the rubric; to infuse something of the poetry of old traditions into the prosaic expression of a reformed faith; to train his flock in his own way of thinking; to create for himself an enthusiastic and fervent congregation. These were the things which Cyril Culverhouse believed he had been sent into the world to do, rather than to help his cousin to pay off the mortgages, which mattered very little, so long as poor Ken had money enough to live upon.

Kenrick had chosen the army for his profession. A military career offered a poor prospect of paying off the mortgages, but it was at least a gentleman-like line of life, and the four or five hundred a year which could be squeezed out of the burdened estate enabled Kenrick to live like a gentleman among his brother officers. Honor

and wealth might come to him together, perhaps, in the distant future; and when he was growing old, and had lost the zest of life, he might be able to do something for Culverhouse Castle. Cyril would be a bishop most likely by that time, and they would sit over their port and filberts in the wainscot parlor at Culverhouse, wagging their gray heads depreciatingly at the short-comings of the rising generation, condemning new guns and novel doctrines, new lights of all kinds in camp or temple.

Kenrick had served in India, and was home on leave. He was very fond of his cousin, for they had been brought up together, and nothing could be pleasanter to him than to spend his holiday fishing and shooting, reading or idling, round about Little Yafford. He had liked the neighborhood as a lad. He loved it now for the sake of those boyish days which were so delightful to look back upon—all the lights in the picture remembered; all the shadows forgotten. He had almost a filial affection for Mr. and Mrs. Dulcimer; and the hills and moors and wandering streams of Yorkshire had a charm for him which was second only to his delight in his native Hampshire.

The two young men were sitting by Cyril's hearth on this autumn evening, talking confidentially over pipe and cigar. They had spent the day apart—Kenrick tramping over the moors with his gun, Cyril engaged in his parish work.

They were talking of Christian Harefield, the owner of the Water House, one of the most important places in Little Yafford, after the park, and the father of that Beatrix whom Mrs. Dulcimer was so anxious to dispose of matrimonially.

"One of the most disagreeable men I ever met in my life," said Kenrick. "Miss Harefield was driving him in her basket pony-carriage—he looked about as suitable an occupant of a carriage as Mephistopheles for a go-cart, by-the-way—and I met them at the bottom of the hill, going up that wild road to the moor. I wonder whether he was going to gather the samolus left-handed and fasting, or to cut mistletoe with a golden sickle! Upon my word he looked as grim and ancient as a Druid. Beatrix stopped the pony when she saw me, and introduced me to her father. 'This is Sir Kenrick Culverhouse, papa,' she said, whereat the Druid grunted. 'Are you going far up the hill?' I asked, with the usual dash of originality which distinguishes these casual observations. 'I'm afraid it will be dark before you come back.' 'Oh, we don't mind that,' she said; 'Puck and I know our way so well.' So they went up into the thickening mist, and I saw no more of them. I dare say they are up there still. Do you know if the old gentleman is quite right in his mind?"

"Yes, his mind is clear enough, so far as I have been able to discover; he is eccentric."

"And grumpy."

"Of a gloomy turn, no doubt. He goes nowhere, and receives no one except Mr. Scratchell, his lawyer and agent. He seems like a man whose whole nature has been soured by a great sorrow. People say that his wife's death broke his heart."

"One would hardly suppose such a being could ever have had a wife, much less that he could have been fond of her. When did the lady die?"

"Don't you remember? She died while we were at the Vicarage—about eleven years ago. There was a good deal of talk about it at the time. Mr. Harefield and his wife were travelling in Italy. Beatrix and her governess were with them—she was a child then, you know—and Mrs. Harefield died very suddenly, after a few hours' illness. It was a case of Asiatic cholera, I believe. People who know Mr. Harefield, or rather who knew him before that time—for he holds himself aloof from every one now—say that he has been a changed man since the shock of his wife's death."

"A melancholy story," said Kenrick. "I forgive him the discourteous grunt which was his sole recognition of my existence. Poor Beatrix! A sad beginning for her life."

"Yes," answered Cyril, with warm interest, "motherless so early—with so strange and gloomy a father. You can not wonder that she is somewhat different from other girls."

"Somewhat different from other girls!" echoed Kenrick. "She is a queen compared with other girls. That is the difference. She is worth twenty other girls—a hundred—for she has a character of her own."

Cyril looked at him curiously.

"Praise from Sir Hubert Stanley!" he exclaimed. "You are not often so enthusiastic, Ken."

"Because I seldom see any thing to praise—in a woman. Don't be frightened, Cyril. I do admire Beatrix, but only as I admire any thing else in nature that is noble and rare; and I know that you admire her with quite another kind of admiration, though you have not honored me by communicating your ideas upon the subject."

Cyril knocked the ashes out of his pipe on the old-fashioned hob, and said not a word until he had filled it again, slowly and thoughtfully.

Clement Dulcimer was right when he called Cyril the handsomer of the two cousins. His pale, clear-cut face was essentially noble. Yet he was by no means essentially attractive. That steadfast look and unchangeable gravity would have repelled admiration with many; but, on the other hand, Cyril's rare smile was beautiful in all eyes. It was the sudden light of mind brightening the whole countenance; not a mechanical contraction of the lips revealing a fine set of teeth, and wrinkling the eyelids agreeably. It was a smile that meant sympathy, regard, beneficence—a smile that comforted and cheered. The miserable among his flock knew it well; society saw it seldom.

Cyril's eyes were gray, and had that steady look which passes for severity, his nose was slightly aquiline, his brow broad and high, with hair of neutral brown cut close to the well-shaped head, and curling crisply—hair like a gladiator's, said Kenrick, who rather prided himself upon the lighter auburn of his own locks, as he also did upon the finer line of his nose, which inclined to the Grecian, and accorded with his low straight brow and expressionless eyes, whose pupils seemed to have no more life and color than the sculptor's dint in the marble orb.

Kenrick had what is called an aristocratic look, and rather flattered himself upon those evidences of blue blood supposed to exist in an attenuated but open nostril, a tapering hand, and an arched instep. These peculiarities, he imagined, declared as plainly as Domesday-book or title-deeds that the Culverhouses were great people on the other side of the Channel before they honored England by coming across the sea with Norman William to appropriate some portion of it.

"She is a noble creature," said Cyril, with conviction, when he had pressed the last shred of Latakia into the well-filled bowl, "but she is Christian Harefield's only child, and he is rich enough and suspicious enough to impute mercenary motives to any poor man who ventured to fall in love with his daughter."

"Fathers have flinty hearts," retorted Kenrick, lightly. "That's an old saying, but sons and daughters generally contrive to follow their own inclinations in spite of the paternal flintiness. I feel very sure that Beatrix will choose for herself, and marry the man she loves in spite of fate and metaphysical aid. She is just the kind of girl to dash herself blindly against the torrent of paternal wrath. It would be a grand thing for you, Cyril. You could have the Culverhouse living—a poor benefice, but on your native soil—and live at the Castle. I doubt if I shall ever be able to occupy it properly," he added, with a regretful sigh.

"I would take her without a sixpence, and work for her and cherish her all the days of my life," said Cyril, in a deep-toned voice that trembled ever so faintly with strong feeling, "but I can not teach her to rebel against her father. 'Honor thy father and thy mother.' She hears me read that sublime command every other Sunday, and am I to be the first to teach her to set it at naught?"

"How do you know that the old Druid would object to you?"

"I do not know as much directly, but Beatrix tells me that he will oppose any choice of hers."

"Obnoxious ancient Briton. Well, Cyril, all I can say is, if I were in love with a girl, I should think no more of her father than Romeo did of old Capulet, and I should sink the fifth commandment till after I'd married her; and then she could honor her father with a cock-robin and holly-bush card at Christmas, or a pair of muffetees on New-Year's Day, or a sugar egg at Easter."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

The third report, for 1873–75, of the United States Fish Commission has been published, forming a volume of about 800 pages. It contains the usual account of the doings of the Commission so far as the propagation and planting of shad, salmon, land-locked salmon, carp, etc., are concerned, as also a report on the investigation of the sea-coast in regard to fisheries and marine animals. In the appendix are numerous papers of value upon the salmon, oyster, marine algæ, etc.

The moistening of coal with a view to increase its heating effect is frequently practiced. A calculation in a German journal, based upon a careful consideration of the products formed and the heat generated in their combustion, together with the specific heat of the products of combustion and of the air required, as well as of the heat rendered latent in the steam, demonstrates not only that less heat is obtained from the coal, but that the temperature produced is lower than with dry coal, and that there is consequently a waste of fuel. It is admitted that in exceptional cases of dusty coal it may be advisable to moisten it to render it more compact, and promote the access of the air in burning.

It appears that the experiment of stocking the waters of the Pacific coast with shad, or at least those of the Sacramento River, is likely to be fully and entirely successful, as the capture of ripe shad in that river during the present season is a matter of almost daily occurrence. An existing law in California prohibits the taking of shad until after December, 1877; but there are some traps at the mouth, near Vallejo, for taking salmon, which place is exempt from the penalties of the act, and in which from one to five full-grown shad are now being taken every day. These, it is supposed, belong to the stock introduced by Seth Green, at the instance of the California Commissioners, in June, 1871.

With these are occasionally taken other shad, weighing about a pound, which were probably born in the Sacramento River. The Fish Commissioners of California are naturally very jubilant over this positive success of the experiment instituted by them, and are urgent that the supply of young fish, which has been made annually of late years by the United States Fish Commission, shall be continued to them until the river is suitably filled.

The formation of an Italian meteorological society is advocated by Professor Ragona. There are now more than one hundred stations reporting to the Minister of Agriculture, Industry, and Commerce.

The important office of Director of the Meteorological and Magnetic Institute at Vienna has been filled by the appointment of Dr. Julius Hann, who is well known by his numerous and admirable investigations of meteorological subjects.

The Washington Astronomical Observations for 1874 contains the work of the transit circle (in charge of Professor Eastman), the mural circle (Professor Yarnall), the 26-inch equatorial (Professor Newcomb), etc. The usual discussion of the meteorological data during the year is made by Professor Eastman, and there is an appendix, also by him, giving the telegraphic longitude operations to fix the position of Ogden, Utah. Another appendix gives (illustrated) descriptions of the various instruments. The principal work of the mural circle has been observations for a second edition of Yarnall's catalogue. Besides its regular observation of the sun, moon, and major planets, the transit circle has a fine series of observations of asteroids. The 26-inch equatorial has been devoted to close double-stars and the fainter satellites. The 9.6-inch equatorial was employed by Professor Holden in a series of observations on Juno.

The connection between auroras and the weather is the subject of a letter to *Nature*, by G. H. Kinahan. He states that in his neighborhood at least two classes of auroras are seen—one brilliant, transparent, with white, yellow, blue, or yellowish-red appearing as intermittent pencils of light; the other class semi-opaque, blood-red, looking like floating clouds. These latter are lower than the former, and hide them in case both kinds appear at once. Since the 1st of October last the second class have been frequently seen, but the first very rarely, and when seen are believed to precede pleasant weather, whereas the second class certainly indicate rain.

The return to St. Petersburg, after a scientific journey round the world, of Mr. Wojeikoff has lately been announced. The object of the journey was especially to investigate the condition of meteorological science and of general meteorology in the various countries of the world, and a considerable portion of the period of his absence was spent in the United States. Here he was invited by Professor Henry to edit the great work on *The Winds of the Globe*, commenced and nearly completed by Professor Coffin, of Easton. The memoir has lately been published by the Smithsonian Institution, and has attracted much attention.

The more recent scenes of Mr. Wojeikoff's investigations were in India, China, and Japan.

Angot, of Paris, has a note in the *Comptes Rendus* on the photographs of the transit of Venus, in which he considers the two methods of measuring the negatives—1st, to determine the angle of position of Venus with respect to the sun, and 2d, to measure the distance of their centres. The American photographs are the only ones in which the necessary data are given for the employment of the first process, and the second process must be resorted to in the French negatives. In this process the great difficulty is in knowing the value *in arc* of a given linear distance on the plate.

It is the general impression in Italy that bread made from Indian corn is unwholesome, frequently producing sporadic diseases, which often terminate fatally. The facts appear to be well established, and the result to depend upon a condition of mouldiness which is very apt to supervene in consequence of the method of preparing the bread in that country. Quite recently some chemists have succeeded in separating from mouldy Indian meal an alkaloid substance, which is white, easily alterable, non-crystalline, insoluble in water, soluble in alcohol and ether, which acts poisonously on man and animals. It is especially noteworthy that the sulphuric acid solution, when oxidizing agents are added, has a blue color, strikingly similar to that of the corresponding reaction of strychnine.

During the last Congress a provision was made for the preparation, under the auspices of the Department of Agriculture, of a report upon the forestry of the United States, and especially the measures to be taken to preserve the forests and valuable timber still belonging to the United States. Dr. F. B. Hough, of Lowville, New York, was appointed Commissioner for the object referred to by the Department of Agriculture, and is now busily engaged in securing the desired data.

He has recently issued a circular, to be widely distributed throughout the country, asking information as to the physical condition and timber growth, the prevailing winds, annual rain-fall, effect upon the climate of the clearing off of the timber, and many other subjects. Specimens of the insects injurious to the forests, and samples of their ravages on the trees infested by them, are also requested.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

The coroner's jury in the inquest on the victims of the Southern Hotel fire expressed the opinion that the proprietors of the hotel were censurable in several particulars. They had provided appliances for extinguishing fires, but there were no systematic arrangements for using them, nor had the employés received instructions as to their conduct and duties in case of fire. The jury also censured the proprietors for keeping inflammable material in the store-room and wine-cellar without sufficient watching; for the lack of a gong to alarm the inmates of the hotel in case of fire; for employing only one watchman; and for making no efficient efforts to awaken their guests on the night of the fire. It was strongly recommended by the jury that all hotels be provided with appliances for extinguishing fires, and that there be a sufficient number of watchmen who understand how to use them; that elevators should close, automatically or otherwise, as the platform goes up or down; that store-rooms, etc., be made fire-proof; and that in all large cities building inspectors should examine the apparatus for extinguishing fires in hotels and public buildings, and insist that men be employed who understand its management. The destruction of the Southern Hotel has had—temporarily at least—one good effect. Hotels throughout the country have been examined, alterations have been made in some, fire-escapes have been provided, and many suggestions have been made for the safety of guests which, it is hoped, may soon be adopted by the proprietors of all hotels who are solicitous for the comfort and security of their patrons.

What shall be done with the garbage? This momentous question is continually under discussion, but seems likely never to be settled. It is too deep a problem for the powers that be to comprehend; and while much talking is going on among the members of the Street-cleaning Bureau, the refuse of New York city continues to increase. The latest suggestion is a garbage cremator which shall effectually consume every noxious thing. The citizens of New York may differ in opinion as to *what* method is best for disposing of garbage, but with one united voice they ask for clean and wholesome streets. The *result*, accomplished somehow, is what they claim for the money expended.

It has been proposed to establish a Botanical Garden in connection with the Museum of Natural History at Central Park. The Legislature has recently granted a charter to several well-known gentlemen, empowering them to take the necessary steps. The funds must be obtained largely by private subscription, and several wealthy citizens have signified their willingness to contribute. The design is to use for this purpose as much as possible of Manhattan Square and the unoccupied adjacent lots.

An international British celebration in honor of Queen Victoria's birthday will be held at Petersburg, Virginia, on May 24, and several days preceding and following. An invitation is extended to all British associations throughout the United States and Canada, and to all British residents, to participate in the festivities of the occasion. It is expected that the Earl of Dufferin, Governor-General of Canada, Sir Edward Thornton, and other distinguished representatives of Queen Victoria's dominions will be present. Arrangements have been made for cheap round-trip tickets from the North and Canada, particulars of which can be obtained from the president of the St. George's Society, Bridgeport, Connecticut. A programme of the festivities of the celebration may be obtained from John J. Campbell, Esq., assistant secretary of the British Association, Petersburg, Virginia.

It is said there is a superstitious tradition that no Emperor of All the Russias will ever live to see his sixtieth birthday, because no one has yet attained that age. But Alexander II., whose fifty-ninth birthday was recently celebrated, may justly be regarded as the founder of a new Russian dynasty, in that his reign has been signalized by the emancipation of the Russian serfs, and a series of important reforms and improvements unknown in the past history of Russia.

The Chinese students have made wonderful progress since the establishment of the educational head-quarters at Hartford. They show good abilities to contend with American students. One Chinese scholar has taken the second prize for declamation in the Hartford High School, and another the first in the South Hadley Falls High School; and now Lee Kwai Pau takes the first prize for penmanship in the West Middle public school at Hartford.

Paris has set up a new restaurant. Price of meals, six cents. Bill of fare: ragout in the morning, soup in the afternoon; no bread; water colored with wine to drink. Payment for meal on entrance. No customer is allowed more than fifteen minutes for eating. Spoons and plates are of iron, and chained to the table. It is said that the proprietor of this choice restaurant makes a great deal of money.

Several members of the Paris Anthropological Society have promised each to write a will directing that his brain be sent to the society for inspection and dissection. It is thought that by procuring the thinking organs of persons whose habits and works are perfectly known, some light might be thrown on the laws of physico-mental organization.

The youngest child of General Sherman, a little fellow of ten, and shy and quiet, has a decided taste for military affairs. His toys are drums, swords, guns, and soldiers; with his pencil he draws forts, camps, and battle-fields; and his favorite reading is said to be the *Army Register*. Young as he is he knows the name and station of every regiment—infantry, cavalry, and artillery—in the army; he knows the rank (actual and by brevet), the name, and station of every officer, down to the youngest lieutenant. He looks forward to West Point, and hopes the Northwestern troubles will not be quelled until he has a chance to help.

A Brooklyn paper reports that one Mr. R——, while excavating on the shore of Newtown Creek, struck a spring of mineral water. He took a bottleful of it to a German chemist for analysis, telling him he should advertise the result, and convert the place into a regular Baden-Baden. The chemist, having been favored with a sight of the location of the spring, remarked, dryly, that he would send his analysis written out in common language, which people would understand better than such scientific terms as chloride of sodium, oxide of iron, etc. Mr. R—— soon received the following:

ANALYSIS OF THE NEWLY DISCOVERED NEWTOWN CREEK MINERAL SPRING WATER.

Salt-water	750
Coal oil	34
Extract of dead dog	13
Precipitate of cat	24
Oxide of hoop-skirt	17
Sesquioxide of barrel hoops	10
Quintessence of glue	14
Decomposed bone	56
Infusion of soot	8
Triturated paint screenings	11
Boarding-house butter	9
Fish residuum	19
Conglomerated sediments	23
Other nasty things	12
	1000

H. K——, Analytical Chemist.

Mr. R—— has concluded to postpone advertising the spring.

They are trying to make all theatres in England safe. The Lord Chamberlain now refuses to grant any licenses for new theatres unless they have stone staircases. Some other material may be as good or better than stone, but it is comfortable to know that somebody in authority is thinking of the safety of the public.

Sometimes a laugh *will* occur in the serious-minded congregation of a Connecticut church, as on a recent Sunday. The clergyman desired to call the attention of the congregation to the fact that, it being the last Sunday of the month, he would administer the rite of baptism to children. Previous to his having entered the pulpit he had received from one of the elders, who was quite deaf, a notice to the effect that as the children would be present that afternoon, and he had the new Sunday-school song-books ready for distribution, he would have them there to sell to all who desired them. After the service the clergyman began the notice of the baptismal service, thus: "All of those having children and desiring to have them baptized, will bring them this afternoon." At this point the deaf elder, hearing the mention of children, supposed it was something in reference to his books, and rising, said, "And all of those having none, and desiring them, will be supplied by me for the sum of twenty-five cents each."

TURKISH WAR PREPARATIONS.

In another part of this paper will be found a brief summary of the strength of the armies of Russia and Turkey; and in our news column are given the most recent details of military operations in Asia and on the Danube. As an interesting addition to the general literature of the subject, we give here the observations of a retired English staff officer, now living at Constantinople, whose sympathies, of course, are with the Turks, and whose statements must therefore be taken with allowance. He says the Porte has decided to remain on the defensive in Bulgaria, and to limit its offensive operations, in the first instance, to the Turkish fleet, which would blockade all the Russian harbors on the Black Sea. Turkey has at her disposal for this purpose at least sixteen large iron-clads, armed with 110 heavy guns of the most recent system of construction, and completely manned with well-trained sailors, besides a number of light screw-steamers, which carry about 600 smaller guns. The chief engineers in the fleet are nearly all Englishmen, and about twenty retired officers of the English navy are also expected shortly to enter the Turkish service in case the war should promise to be one of long duration.

It is considered doubtful whether any attempt will be made to effect a landing in the Crimea, but there are several places in the Caucasus to which Turkish troops could be conveyed by the fleet to assist in an insurrection of the Mohammedan inhabitants, who are said to be very hostile to the Russian rule, and it is therefore proposed to organize a selected force of about 3000 Circassians for this purpose. Great efforts will be made to stir up an insurrection in Poland, and many applications have already been received from Polish emigrants who desire once more to take up arms for the liberation of their country. Several retired Hungarian and German officers have also offered their services to the Porte. A Polish and a Hungarian legion will probably be formed directly after the commencement of hostilities, and the retired English officers who have volunteered for the Turkish service, most of whom have served a long time in India, and are well acquainted with Eastern customs and languages, will be appointed to commands in the newly formed cavalry and infantry corps. Of German officers of rank there are already five or six in the Turkish army. They are nearly all retired Prussian officers of artillery and engineers.

It is further stated by this writer that the Turkish forces in Bulgaria consist of 185,000 regulars and about 20,000 irregulars, under the command of the able and energetic Eyoub Pasha. They are completely equipped for war, and are ready to march at a day's notice. During March and April heavy rains made the roads almost impassable, and a Turkish officer of artillery, who had conveyed some heavy guns to Rustchuk, states that twenty oxen had to be attached to each gun, and that even then they proceeded at the rate of only about an English mile an hour.

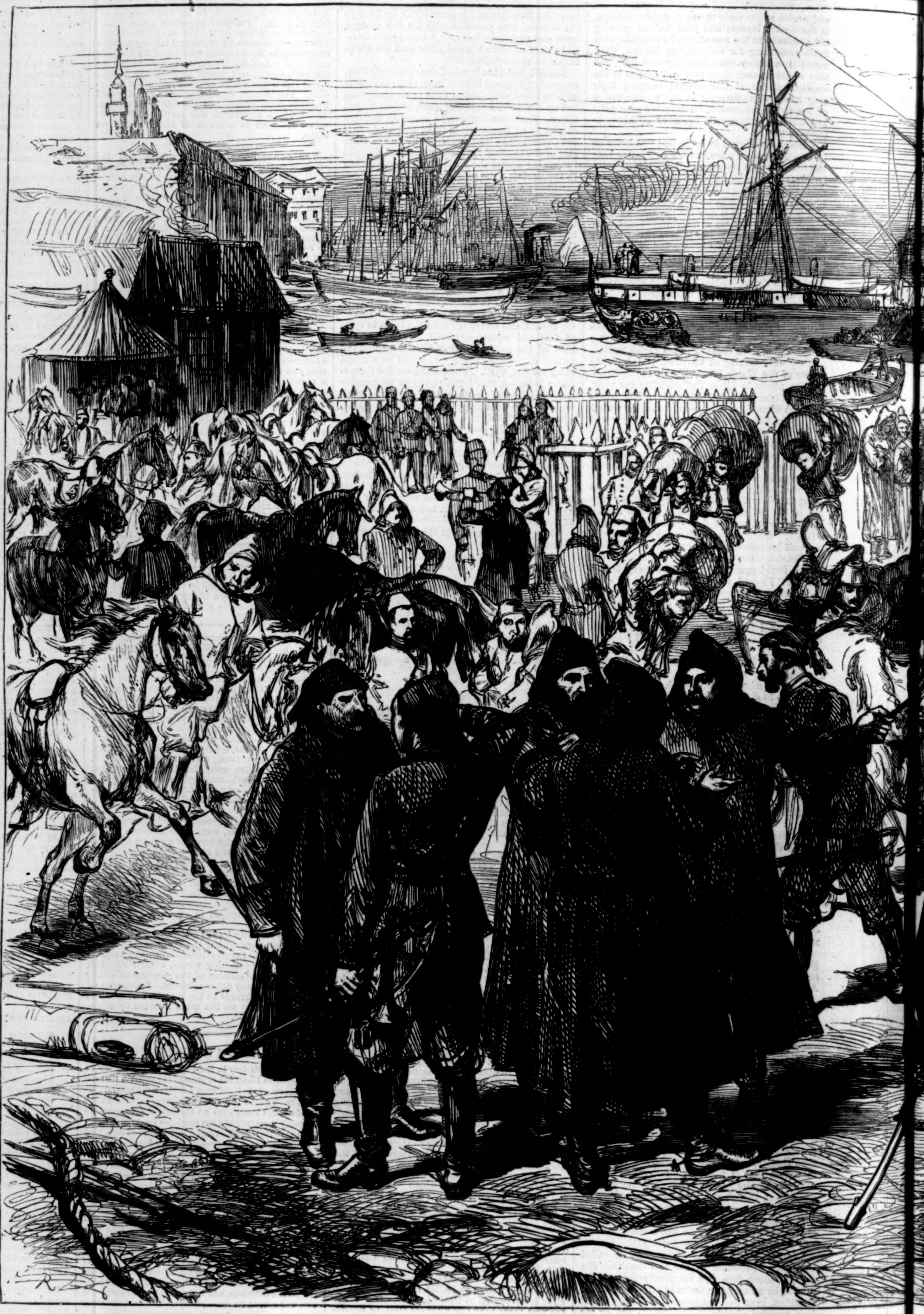
The writer gives a very gloomy view of the state of affairs in Bulgaria, and predicts the most direful consequences to the country and people of Turkey should the Russian invasion be successful. He thinks the war will lead to the complete devastation of European Turkey, as the Turks are animated with such a fanatical spirit that they would rather burn Adrianople, Sophia, and, above all, Constantinople, to the ground than see the Russians enter those towns as conquerors. In Bulgaria people are already dying by hundreds of famine and typhus, and the causes of disease will be multiplied tenfold if the country is used as a battle-field in a war which may last for years. Religious fanaticism, combined with the savage spirit of revolution and the greed of adventurers, will be only too likely to produce scenes of horror resembling those which took place in the wars of the Middle Ages.

This deplorable state of things may continue for a long time, even if no other power should take part in the war, as the difficulties in the way of Russia are such as to render a short campaign very improbable. Owing to the naval superiority of Turkey on the Black Sea and the Danube, the fortresses of Varna, Silistria, Rustchuk, Widdin, and Shumla are in direct communication with Constantinople, whence they can easily procure troops and supplies of all kinds. These fortresses are sufficiently provided to withstand a siege of four or five months; and if the Turkish iron-clad gun-boats on the Danube should succeed in destroying the Russian pontoon-bridges on that river, and thereby cut off the Russian army in Bulgaria from its supports in Roumania and Bessarabia, that army, surrounded by enemies, and unable to procure food in a country where the people are already dying of hunger, might be placed in as desperate a position as that of the French at Sedan. This emergency may be avoided if the new iron-clads which Russia is reported to have launched on the Black Sea should be found able to cope successfully with their formidable Turkish antagonists.

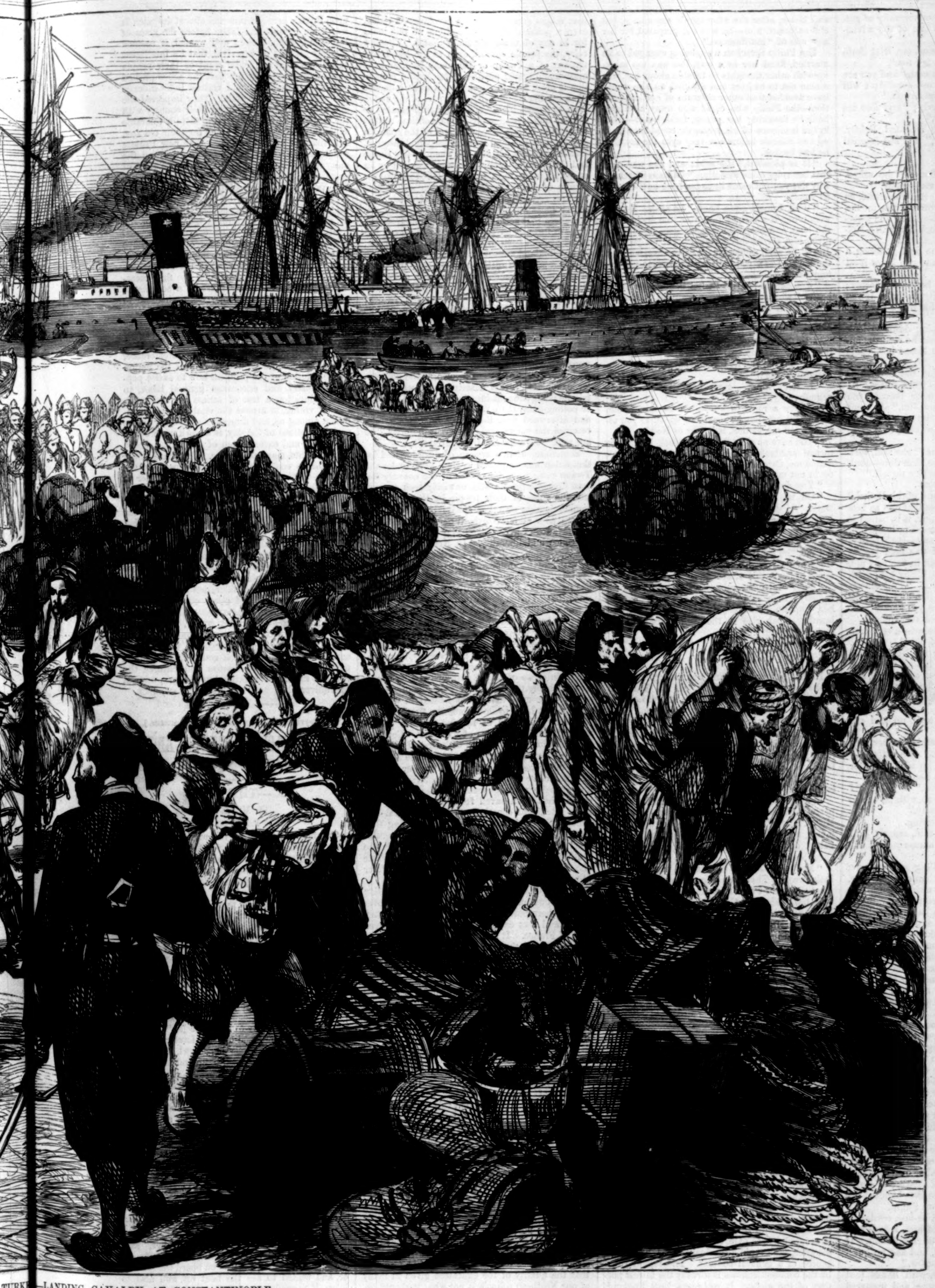
The difficulties to be surmounted by an invading army advancing through European Turkey are graphically stated in a lecture recently delivered in London by Colonel Evelyn Wood on the passes of the Balkan and the passage of the Danube. The Danube is the first and principal obstacle to the Russian advance. On the left, or Russian side, it was approached only by a long, low coast of muddy and marshy land, while on the right, or Turkish s[...] there [...] and steep bank, which [...]ntinue[...] The width of the river [...]rough[...] tory, too, varied from [...]00 to [...] depth differing accord[...] to the [...]

Another great obs[...]e to [...] was the range of Bal[...] Mou[...] in many cases being [...]e more [...] and the roads throug[...] Bulgar[...] bad.

Colonel Wood then [...]nted o[...] vantages of Widdin, [...]istria,



THE WAR BETWEEN RUSSIA AND TURK[...]—LA[...]



TURKE—LANDING CAVALRY AT CONSTANTINOPLE.

Left alone, Bethel dragged off her hat, and loosed the handkerchief about her neck, gasping for air, while a great flood of scarlet crept up over cheek and neck and brow, and her eyes flashed.

"How dared he?" she cried aloud; "how dared he hint at such a thing to me? Run after, as Jim said; and yet I thought I hid my secret so very well—and he of all men to guess it! And where was the harm, after all? If I love him, whom does it hurt, or who should blame me? What was it to him that he should humiliate me so? *I* never ran after him—why, I hate him—and any one might have thought I liked Jim best; but it's all over now."

She put on her hat again, and smoothed her hair with trembling fingers.

"I have had my lesson," she said to herself, with quivering lips. "What a fool I was! but at any rate he shall see now that I—am—indifferent—to him."

She ran down the terrace, singing, to the drawing-room window, and looked in. Mrs. Clithero was knitting in the fading light, and she rose and opened the window for her daughter. "Why, Bethel," she said, surprised at sight of the flushed cheeks and shining eyes, "how warm you have made yourself, my dear! Go and bathe your head with eau-de-Cologne, and put on a cooler dress for dinner. Why could you not have staid at home this afternoon? There, kiss me, my dear, and go."

But Bethel did not go; all her restlessness had died away, and she dropped down on her knees beside her mother.

"I am not hot, dear mother," she said.

"What is it, then?" said Mrs. Clithero.

"Nothing—I am tired," said Bethel; then she suddenly raised herself and put both her arms about her mother's neck.

"Don't ask me any questions," she cried, petulantly; "I suppose things get into a wrong groove sometimes, and I must go now and dress for dinner. I believe," said Bethel, mournfully, "that if I was the most unhappy woman living, my appetite would be as good as ever."

"My dear, I am very thankful for it," said Mrs. Clithero. "Be sure and be in good voice to-night—it is such a treat to me to hear you and Jim sing together."

CHAPTER V.

Bethel went up and dressed, and came down stairs to find Jim and Mrs. Clithero sitting waiting for her in the shadowy room. She came down bright, eager, and beautiful, with a smile on her lips to hide the aching of her heart—a different being to the girl who had sat in such terrible silence in the boat upon the river, and crushed down her unreturned, unasked-for love—different, too, to a girl who, five minutes before, had leaned a flushed, tear-stained face out of her bedroom window, hoping that the evening air would cool it.

It was a cheerful, happy trio who sat down to dinner that night, judging by outside appearances. Jim and Bethel vied with each other in telling good stories, and making Mrs. Clithero laugh over their foolish ways—for even she was taken in by the girl's ceaseless chatter and ready wit, and, looking from one young bright face to the other, built castles in the air that would have startled Bethel not a little could she have looked into her mother's mind.

"Come," said Bethel, after dinner, pushing back her chair, "will you call us in at tea-time, mother, and we will go for a little ramble in the shrubbery."

"You have been out so much to-day," objected her mother.

"Never mind, dear," said Bethel, kissing her; "the more I am out the better—if I am happy."

And then she put on her shawl, and they went out together.

"Do you want any more lilies, Miss Bethel?" asked Jim; "they always look so lovely by moonlight."

"Yes, indeed I do," said Bethel. "I have

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ed from … 00 to 2000 yards, the
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e of Bal… Mountains, the passes
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Widdin, … istria, and Shumla as fortresses, and the importance of the railway from Varna to Rustchuk, and quoted the writings of the late Sir John Burgoyne as an authority on the defenses of Constantinople and its approaches.

Our engraving on this page will give an idea of the military activity prevailing in the Turkish capital. Great numbers of cavalry horses are constantly arriving from Asia, to be sent forward to the threatened frontier. The small engraving on page 384 shows a company of Turkish recruits passing through the streets of Constantinople, on their way to be trained, equipped, and armed.

THE TIME OF ROSES.

CHAPTER IV.

So he rowed her home in silence, as she bade him. What else could he do with that hard voice ringing in his ears, that changed face turned defiantly toward him?

He rowed her home, through the gathering twilight, to the little stone from which her happy feet had stepped into the boat an hour ago, and there he shipped his oars and jumped out. She would have scrambled to shore alone if she could, but in her haste she stumbled over her dress, and would have fallen if he had not stretched out a hand to save her.

"Miss Clithero," he said, "will you listen to me?"

"No, no, no!" she cried, passionately; "I will not listen at all;" and she put her hands over her ears and walked swiftly away across the lawn, while he jumped back into the boat, proud and angry, and rowed down to the boat-house.

been waiting for days for an opportunity of getting some new ones; that is one of the advantages of height, you see."

"I don't think you need taunt me, Miss Bethel," he said; "you are pretty tall too."

"I am five feet seven," she said, "and you are six feet one! Well, we will not quarrel; I will only look up to you and reverence you."

"Will you?" he said, eagerly; "and *love* me too—they always go together."

"And love you too," she repeated, lightly. "That is the easiest, I think;" and she laughed mischievously.

But Jim was very grave.

"Do you really mean it, Bethel?" he asked. "Because I want you to love me—really."

Bethel looked up, startled. She was sitting on the little rustic bench that crowned the mount, with the great white lilies in her hand, and something in Jim's earnestness struck her with a sudden pang.

"What do you mean?" she said, faltering a little. "I do like you, Jim, and you know it—I have liked you all along."

"And I have *loved* you!" he cried, sharply; "that is just the difference, Miss Bethel. If you have been playing with me, for God's sake tell me now, and let me go."

He stood before her, stooping down to look into the sweet, startled eyes, and he read the answer there so plainly that he loosed her hands and turned away.

"Stay!" she cried, stretching out her hands and lifting her eyes, heavy with tears, to his. "I was not playing, indeed. I never thought you cared for me in that way; and, Jim," she went on, passionately, "there is no play about it at all, I think—love is a most terrible reality."

Still he did not answer.

"Are you still angry with me?" she said, wistfully; "don't hurt me any more, dear Jim—don't despise me any more than I despise myself."

Jim steadied his voice to speak.

"I would not hurt you for the world, Bethel," he said, with a grave tenderness that was as new as his love; "and as to despising, it is nonsense to talk of it. Do you mind my going home now instead of going in to tea? and—Bethel—if I have hurt you, forgive me; I was mad just at first, and I was a brute to speak to you as I did. I was always unlucky," he said, lifting his boyish eyes half wistfully to her face. "Phil always had all the chances—money, life, and love: he has been engaged for five years, you know."

"I did not know," said Bethel, very quietly.

"Really! Well, it was no secret—a very pretty girl, too, and awfully fond of him."

Bethel did not speak again: she let the moonlight play about the idle hands that were lying on her lap, and about the sweet, sad mouth, and Jim, watching her, sighed at the very hopelessness of the passion with which his love had hedged her in.

"Miss Bethel," he said, "look up and say good-by."

Bethel looked up; but something in her face—as of one utterly weary and disheartened—touched his tender heart, and he took both her hands and bent down closer to her.

"Don't look like that, Bethel," he said. "I can not go away and leave you so, with no one to look after you—you will be lonely."

"Very lonely," she said, shivering.

"May I write to you?" he said, eagerly. "I will get all the news I can to amuse you—I will indeed!"

"Thank you," she said, smiling gently; "you are always kind, Jim—kinder than any body else, almost. I shall miss you very much when I have time to think about it—I am so tired now."

She looked so tired that he had not the heart to worry her any more. He saw that she was troubled and anxious, and would be better alone; and, like the tender, chivalrous boy he was, he put his own trouble on one side to comfort hers. But an unseen foe is hard to combat, an unknown trouble is difficult to reach; and Jim at last saw that the time had come when he could not help her any further, and he went away home and left her.

Left her, sitting in the moonlight, with that weary, vacant look in her eyes that had come there first when his unwitting hand dealt her the blow. She did not want to think, as yet; she did not want to realize that he was bound, as Jim had said. Until this truth fell like lead upon her shrinking heart, she had never thought how hope had sprung up round this her first love—how much she had counted on and watched and *loved* him—how blank her life would grow to be without him.

It maddened her: she rose hastily from her seat, and paced the little plot of grass with nervous feet, trying to escape from her own thoughts, trying to think of the night, of Charlie, of Jim—of every thing but the one face that haunted her like a nightmare, of any one but Philip.

"I will go home," she said at last, restlessly. "I shall not see much more of him, I dare say; and if we do meet, I must be indifferent. If mother will let me go to bed, and ask no questions, I shall be all right to-morrow."

She gathered up her lilies, with hands that trembled despite her indifference, and prepared to descend, but a faint stationary spark in the shrubbery caught her eye. It looked like a glow-worm, she thought; so, being in no hurry to get home, she went listlessly down between the laurel bushes to where it shone steadily out. Then her heart stood still, and her breath came and went painfully, for she saw that she had come unawares upon Captain Strachan, and that her glow-worm was a cigar. She would have escaped had there been time; but Philip had seen her, and, throwing his cigar away, came quietly on toward her.

"It is so pleasant here," he said, "at last I am getting cool."

He half expected Bethel to be cold and haughty and bitter, after the afternoon's experience, but she surprised him—he was not prepared for her new *rôle* of "indifference."

The Philip Strachan who, being engaged to be married, liked her in a way, but was too taken up with other thoughts to trouble about her, was a man not to be hurt and avoided, as she would have avoided that other creature of her imagination—the Philip who could wile away a tedious hour by breaking her young, fresh heart—who, in the insolence of his strength, could then hold up and ridicule before her very eyes the toy that he had broken.

"It *is* pleasant," she said; and she was glad that her voice came steadily. "Captain Strachan, why did you not come in to tea? we half expected you."

"Well, I don't quite know," he said. He was wondering if she had forgotten the incident in the boat, and how little encouragement she had given him for further advances. "But you had Jim?" he said, suddenly. "By-the-bye, where is the lad? I saw you both on the terrace not five minutes ago."

"You saw us?" cried Bethel, bending down her head; "why, how was that, Captain Strachan? We did not see you; even now I came to hunt you up as a glow-worm."

"I am nothing half so useful," he answered. "As to the ornamental exterior, I do not like to take upon myself to say how I appear to outsiders. But"—and he turned sharply upon her—"where is Jim?"

"I don't know—gone home," said Bethel, vaguely.

"I have a right to know," he said, stopping. "Jim told me that he meant to speak to you to-night: tell me, Bethel, is it Yes or No?"

"You have no right," began Bethel. Then she turned suddenly toward him and said, "Don't blame me, Captain Strachan; I *do* like him, but I could not marry him, *indeed*. I would if I could."

"You do not love him?" he asked, quietly.

"Oh no, indeed I do not," said Bethel, with tears. "I did not mean to let him like me; but I never thought."

"Don't blame yourself," he said, kindly. "I am sure no one blames you; I least of all. But tell me," he said, suddenly—"if this is really so, what made you take my warning about Jim so much to heart this afternoon?"

"Your warning—about Jim," she echoed, vaguely; then, as a sudden idea seemed to strike her, Captain Strachan, to his surprise, saw a burning blush rise in the white face, and she stopped abruptly.

"I made a mistake," she faltered. "I thought—"

"What?"

He had stopped too, and was facing her. He spoke gently, almost tenderly. If she had waited to think at all, it might have struck her that he spoke more tenderly than he should have done—not being free.

Something in the eyes, however, with a gleam of laughter lighting them up, made her say, hurriedly, with the color coming and going in her face,

"I must go home, Captain Strachan; please let me go."

In a minute he recovered himself, and was imperturbable as ever. "I am not stopping you, Miss Clithero," he said; "but the evening is so lovely, and I should so like to hear the nightingales! do you really mind coming as far as the shrubbery gate?"

"No," said Bethel, reluctantly, "it is such a little way." That was the spoken excuse for what she knew was a mistake. In her true womanly heart she felt that she had no right to be here beside him—she felt that she was laying up a store of misery for her future life every time she looked into his eyes or hung upon his words; and yet she was not brave enough to turn back and shut the gate of paradise upon herself. "It hurts no one but myself," she said in her willful heart; "and no one will ever know that—I once cared for him: he is engaged to be married."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE PARTY OF EDUCATION.

THE party or the set of men that can succeed in educating all our people, that can banish from among us the vast mass of corrupting ignorance, refine and soften a whole nation, will be the first to bring us a lasting material prosperity. We have suffered too long from all the effects of a struggle between the two opposing forces of progress and of an intense reaction, not to see where lies the chief source of all our dangers. It is popular ignorance. Wherever the common school rules and the intelligence is cultivated, there is a universal prevalence of good order and peace. Throughout all the Free States, where slavery has never planted its mediæval impulses, where men have ceased to aspire to be knights and nobles and barons with their serfs, the peace of society is assured, life is safe, elections pass off without disorder, and republican institutions prove the source of a general content. The region ruled by the common schools is already the fairest portion of the globe. It embraces New England, rich in manufactures and intelligence, the Middle States, the populous and fertile Northwest, and that broad belt of productive and almost limitless territory spreading from the Mississippi to the Pacific, destined to become the home of genius, republicanism, and mental advance forever. The chief trait of all this wonderful land is that it plants its school-house in every township, and lays every where the foundations of knowledge. In Arizona and in Montana the school is not less prized than in the cultivated districts of New England and New York.

The result of this zeal for at least the elements of knowledge is the general diffusion of good sense, and this is proved by the political quiet that reigns every where. A revolution, a rising, even a political riot, is something no one looks for in any of these fortunate States. The law rules, the people submit, even to the fraudulent tyranny of a TWEED or Tammany Hall, and the most uncultivated portion of its foreign population is often held in check by the silent influence of an intelligent minority. No part of the world, even the most highly civilized, has presented so general and lasting a picture of political rest as this region of Republicanism and of the common schools. In England there is perpetual disquiet. The Reform riot of 1830–31, when Apsley House and the Duke of Wellington were assailed by an angry populace, the Corn Law riots, the Chartist terrors of 1848, the fear that even surrounded the first great Exhibition of 1851, of which MACAULAY speaks in his memoirs, and a series of disturbances that seem almost inseparable from the English form of government, show that even England has not been without its internal dangers; and in England almost every Parliamentary election is a scene of disturbance, of riot, and often of general corruption. The examples of Stroud, Norwich, Rochester, and other English constituencies will suggest themselves to the reader; while in Ireland an election is always a strange carnival of disorder. Here is an account of one at Ballymacarby recently: "The crowd went on increasing, and their demeanor was becoming more uproarious, free fights, in which cudgels were brought into requisition, being of constant occurrence;" stones were thrown at the unpopular candidate, "every description of weapon or missile being brought into free play." At another polling-place there was no opposition, for two, and afterward five, Roman Catholic clergymen received the voters, and "the great majority," we are told, "were for Mr. DELAHAUNTY."

Something of this system of disorder and intimidation was employed in New York under the TWEED rule; in various parts of the country Roman Catholic priests still unwisely seek to control the votes of their people by threats of excommunication or other spiritual pains; but in general over all our Northern and Western States the advance of knowledge has produced a perfect tolerance and liberality. In Nebraska, in California, Oregon, or Kansas, elections are conducted with greater order and quiet than in the oldest English or French constituencies; and society has never been disturbed by those violent convulsions that so often pass over Europe. In France it would scarcely be possible to name a period in the past half century when that land of brilliancy and of ready intellect has known any rest or any sense of security. Its elections have ended in revolutions, its revolutions in a tyranny, its republic is still exposed to internal or external foes, and the plain cause of all the insecurity of its condition is chiefly the want of intelligence among its people. Its government has wasted in warfare what might have made France the first, because the most cultivated, of nations, and its people starve from the madness of its rulers. Contrast the condition of the French with that of New England or New York, and one can feel the singular value of education to nations. Even our metropolis, the centre of a foreign population greater and probably more ignorant than that of any other city, has been saved from utter ruin by the more intelligent constituencies of the rural districts. Nor is it from any inferior feeling that we should consider the causes of our singular good fortune as a country, but only to find in the truth some facts of general value, and to refute the croakers of the day, who are ready to prefer almost any foreign government to their own.

But to this general prevalence of education there is one unfortunate exception, and all over the Southern States a population exists less intelligent and less capable of reflection than even that of France. It seems that not more than one person out of three can read and write in the district reaching from the Potomac to the Rio Grande; and even of the small educated class at the South, no large proportion has any familiarity with that quick succession of ideas that keeps alive a Northern or a Western village, and it is here that we can read the varying history of the country. Like France or Spain, the Southern section of our land has felt an incessant succession of violent political changes, of moments of intense political excitement, of rebellion, desolation, war, and its wisest thinkers now see that the cause of all their woes has been in great part a want of education. Nearly every Southern State seems willing to amend this defect; in several the people have already made some progress toward knowledge, at least of an elementary character. Georgia, it is said, has carried out the idea of a general system of public instruction suggested by its earlier Republican leaders, and already claims that a large number of its children are at least partially instructed. Kentucky and even Tennessee have made some educational progress. But it is said that owing to the inferiority of the teachers and the opposition of a part of the people, the schools of the rural districts at the South are of little value, that they are open for only a few months, and convey instruction of the lowest kind; and it is probable that the quality of the education given in many of our Northern schools is not what it should be, and that the remuneration and the mental and physical condition of the teacher might often be greatly improved. Of all public officials, teachers are usually the worst paid. The police officer, justice, lawyer, even the jailer, is preferred above them, and men often of very high ability, and of sincere devotion to their profession, are left with only a narrow income, and no hope of a provision for their later years.

Out of its great grief and its great disasters the nation has come at last to agree upon one point, and a large majority in every section and State will now no doubt be found in favor of a thorough and perfect system of popular instruction. The idea has been forced upon us as it was upon Prussia in misfortune and almost despair. It was when Prussia had fallen before the arms of NAPOLÉON, when, broken and wasted, it seemed scarcely capable of a revival, that its intelligent rulers saw that the chief want of their people was education. They felt that the accomplished school-master alone could restore independence and self-respect to Prussia. They imported the disciples of PESTALOZZI, filled their country with the best teachers, provided for them a tolerable support, a pension and a home for their old age, and founded upon knowledge that new Prussia which has saved so often the liberties and the unity of the German race. With us the want of some more effective system of instruction has been proved by a series of disasters. The republic has only been saved by the united action of the educated part of the people; it is threatened by the great mass of foreign ignorance in the Northern States, which seems constantly increasing, and that large body of illiterates who have so clogged the progress and impeded the prosperity of the Southern portion of the Union.

One would suppose, then, that the first measure in the next Congress must be a scheme of public instruction sufficiently comprehensive to aid and enforce education in all the States. Why shall not our government show as much energy in this matter as that of England or France? To devise a suitable scheme of public instruction, define the limits of governmental interference, direct the intelligence and powers of the nation to the solution of the problem how to excite popular industry and encourage general labor, to make education a test of fitness for the privilege of voting, to arouse the vital element of intellect among us, and direct it successfully to the social questions of the day, is a work upon which all honest and earnest men of all parties, sects, employments, may easily unite. Fortunate would it be for us could we have but one party in the future—that of education—laboring together to repair the errors of the past. Excellent as our common schools have proved in the North and West, valuable as has been their effect upon the national safety and prosperity, it is evident that the principles of education are still only imperfectly developed, and that the cultivation of industrial and scientific pursuits must form a large part of the future duty of the teacher. These and the various topics of educational progress are forced upon our consideration by the competition and the labors of other countries, for in every branch of the industrial pursuits intelligence has become the ruling power.

It would be well to form a national education league, composed of the friends of the common schools in all parts of the country; to begin a popular movement to discuss and enforce the readiest means of making knowledge practical and universal. EUGENE LAWRENCE.

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Good Stories of Man and Other Animals.

BY CHARLES READE.

X.—THE JILT.

A YARN.

PART III.

THE boat proceeded on her way. Ellen pointed to windward, and said, "See, Edward, the dark line is ever so much nearer us."

Laxton turned his head to windward directly, and some remarks passed between him and Castor.

Ellen had counted on this; she availed herself of it to whip a letter out of her pocket, and write in pencil an address upon the envelope. This she did under a shawl upon her lap. Then she kept quiet, and waited an opportunity to do something more dangerous.

But none came. Laxton sat square with her, and could see every open movement of her hand.

They were within ten yards of the schooner, and the side manned to receive them.

Just then Laxton stood up, and cried out, "Forward there—stand by to loose the jib."

The moment he stood up, Mrs. Laxton whipped the letter out from under her shawl, and held it by her left side, but a little behind her, where nobody could see it, except Castor. She shook it in her fingers very eloquently, to make that officer observe it. Then she leaned a little back, and held it toward him; but, with female adroitness, turned it outward in her hand, so that not one of the many eyes in the boat could see it.

A moment of agony, and then she felt fingers much larger and harder than hers take it quietly, and convey it stealthily away. Her panting bosom relieved itself of a sigh.

"What is the matter?" said the watchful Laxton.

"The matter? Nothing," said she.

"I hope," said he, "you are not sorry to return to our humble craft?"

"I have seen none to compare with her," said she, fencing boldly, but trembling to herself.

The next moment she was on board the schooner, and waited to see the boat off, and also to learn, if possible, whether Castor had her letter all safe, and would take it to its address.

To her consternation she heard Laxton invite Castor to come on board a moment.

She tried to catch Castor's eye, and warn him to do nothing of the kind.

But the light-hearted officer assented at once, and was on the quarter-deck next moment.

Laxton waved the others to fall back; but Ellen would not leave them together: she was too apprehensive, knowing what she had just done.

"I have not the honor of knowing your name, Sir; mine is Edward Laxton."

"Mine is Dick Castor, Sir, at your service, and yours, ma'am." And he took this fair opportunity, and gave Ellen a look that made her cheeks

burn, for it said, plainly, "Your letter is in safe hands."

"Well, Mr. Castor," said Laxton, "you are the sort I want on board this schooner; you are a man of nerve. Now I have never had a sailing-master yet, because I don't need one—I am an enthusiast in navigation, have studied it for years, theoretically and practically—but I want a first lieutenant, a man with nerve. What do you say, now? Five hundred a year, and a swell uniform."

"Well, Sir, the duds don't tempt me; but the pay is very handsome, and the craft is a beauty."

Laxton bowed ceremoniously. "Let me add," said he, gravely, "that she is the forerunner of many such vessels. At present, I believe, she is the only armed yacht afloat; but, looking at the aspect of Europe, we may reasonably hope some nice little war or other will spring up; then the *Rover* can play an honorable, and, indeed, a lucrative part. My first lieutenant's prize-money will not be less, I should imagine, than twenty thousand a year; an agreeable addition to his pay, Sir."

"Delightful!" said Castor. "But they sometimes hang a privateer at the yard-arm; so I should be quite contented with my quiet little five hundred, and peaceful times."

"Well, then, tell 'em to sheer off, and fetch your traps."

"Yes, do, Mr. Castor," said Ellen. "You can send a line, to explain." That was to get her own letter delivered, the sly thing.

Castor shook his head. "Sorry to disoblige you, ma'am, and to refuse you, Sir; but things can't be done that way. A seaman must not desert his ship on her voyage. Catch me in port and make the same offer, I'll jump mast-high at it."

"Well," said Laxton, "what port are you to be caught in?"

"Why, it must be London or Hong-Kong. I shall be three months at Hong-Kong."

Laxton said he had not intended to cruise so far west as that, but he would take a note of it. "You are worth going a little out of the way for," said he.

While he was making his note, "Bang" went a gun from the *Phœbe*, and she was seen hoisting sail with great rapidity; her rigging swarmed with men.

"There, that's for us," said Castor.

"No hurry, Sir," said Laxton; "he is going to tack instead of veering; she'll hang in the wind for half an hour. Forward there—hoist the flying-jib and the foretop-sel. Helm aweather! Veer the ship. Mr. Castor, bid your men hold on. We must not part without a friendly glass."

"Oh no," said Ellen. "I will order it."

Some of the prime Madeira was immediately brought on deck; and while they were all three drinking to each other, the impatient *Phœbe* fired another gun. But Castor took it coolly; he knew Laxton was right, and the ship could not come round on the port tack in a hurry. He drank his second glass, shook hands with Laxton, and then with Mrs. Laxton, received once more an eloquent pressure of her soft hand, and this time returned it, to give her confidence, and looked courage into her eyes, that met his anxiously. Then he put off; and though the *Phœbe* was now nearly a mile off, he easily ran alongside her before she paid off and got her head before the wind.

His mind was in a troubled state. He was dying to know what this lovely woman, who had fallen in love with him so suddenly, had written to him. But he would not open it right in sight of the schooner and so many eyes. He was a very loyal fellow.

At a good distance, he took it carefully out, and his countenance fell; for the letter was sealed, and addressed,

"*Lieut. Greaves, R.N.*"

Here was a disappointment and a blow to the little amorous romance which Mr. Castor, who, among his other good qualities, was inflammable as tinder, had been constructing ever since the Corsair's bride first drank to him and pressed his hand.

He made a terribly wry face, looking at the letter: but he said to himself, with a little grunt, "Well, there's nothing lost that a friend gets."

As soon as he had boarded the *Phœbe*, and seen the boat replaced on the davits, the good-natured fellow ran down to Greaves's cabin, and found him sitting dejected, with his head down.

"Cheer up, Mr. Greaves," cries Castor; "luck is changed. Here is a fair wind, and every rag set, and the loveliest woman I ever clapped eyes on has been and written you a letter; and there it is."

"It is from *her!*" cried Greaves, and began to open it, all in a tremble. "She is in trouble, Castor. I saw it in her face."

"Trouble! not she. Schooner A1, and money in both pockets."

"Trouble, I tell you; and great trouble, or she would never have written to me." By this time he had opened the letter, and was busied in the contents. "It wasn't to me she wrote," he sighed. "How could it be?" He read it through, and then handed it to Castor.

The letter ran thus:

"I have written this in hopes I may be able to give it to some lady on board the *Phœbe* or to one of the officers, and that something may be done to rescue me, and prevent some terrible misfortune.

"My husband is a madman. It is his mania to pass for a pirate, and frighten unarmed vessels. Only last week we fell in with a Dutch brig, and he hoisted a black flag with a white death's-head and cross-bones, and fired a shot across the Dutchman's bows. The Dutchman hove to directly, but took to his boats. Then Mr. Laxton thought he had done enough, so he fired a gun to leeward, in token of amity; but the poor Dutchman did not understand, and the crew pulled their boats toward Java Head, full ten miles off, and abandoned their ship. I told him it was too cruel; but he spoke quite harshly to me, and said that lubbers who didn't know the meaning of a gun to leeward had no business afloat. All I could persuade him to was to sail quite away, and let the poor Dutchmen see they could come back to their ship. She could not fly from them, because she was hove to.

"He tried this experiment on the *Phœbe*, and got the men to join him in it. He told me every word I was to say to the officer. The three who were put in irons had a guinea apiece for it and double grog. He only left off because the officer who came on board was such a brave man, and won his respect directly; for he is as brave as a lion himself. And that is the worst of it; if a frigate caught him playing the pirate, and fired at him, he would be sure to fire back, and court destruction.

"His very crew are so attached to him, and so highly paid—for he is extremely rich—and sailors are so reckless, that I am afraid they would fight almost any body at a distance. But I think if they saw an officer on board in his uniform, and he spoke to them, they would come to their senses; because they are many of them men-of-war's men. But, indeed, I fear he bribed some of them out of the Queen's ships; and I don't know what those men might not do, because they are deserters.

"It is my hope and prayer that the captain and officers of the *Phœbe* will, all of them, tell a great many other captains, especially of armed vessels, not to take the *Rover* for a real pirate, and fire on him, but to come on board, and put him under reasonable restraint for his own sake and that of others at sea.

"As for myself, I believe my own life is hardly safe. He has fits of violence which he can not help, poor fellow, and is very sorry for afterward; but they are becoming more frequent, and he is getting worse in every way.

"But it is not for myself I write these lines, so much as to prevent wholesale mischief. I behaved ill in marrying him, and must take my chance, and perhaps pay my penalty.

"ELLEN LAXTON."

"Well, Castor," said Greaves, eagerly, "what shall we do? Will the captain let you take volunteers and board her?"

"Certainly not! Why, here's a fair wind, and stunsels set to catch every puff."

"For Heaven's sake, take him her letter, and try him."

"I'll do that, but it is no use."

He took the letter, and soon came back with a reply that Captain Curtis sympathized with the lady, and would make the case known to every master in his service.

"And that is all he is game for!" said Greaves, contemptuously. "Castor, lend me your arm. I can hobble on deck well enough."

He got on deck, and the schooner was three miles to leeward and full a mile astern, with nothing set but her top-sails and flying-jib.

Greaves groaned aloud. "He means to part company. We shall never see her again." He groaned, and went down to his cabin again.

He was mistaken. Laxton was only giving the ship a start, in order to try rates of sailing. He set his magnificent mainsail and foresail and main-jib, and came up with the ship hand over head, the moderate breeze giving him an advantage.

Castor did not tell Greaves, for he thought it would only put him in a passion, and do no good.

So the first intimation Greaves got was at about 4 P.M. He was seated, in deep sorrow, copying his lost sweetheart's letter, in order to carry out her wishes, when the shadow of an enormous jib-sail fell on his paper. He looked up, and saw the schooner gliding majestically alongside, within pistol-shot.

He flew on deck, in spite of his lame foot, and made the wildest propositions. He wanted a broadside fired at the schooner's masts to disable her; wanted Captain Curtis to take the wind out of her sails, and run on to her, grapple her, and board her.

To all this, as might be supposed, Captain Curtis turned a deaf ear.

"Interfere, with violence, between man and wife, Sir! Do you think I am as mad as he is? Attack a commander who has just breakfasted with me, merely because he has got a tile loose? Pray compose yourself, Mr. Greaves, and don't talk nonsense. I shall keep my course, and take no notice of his capers. And, Mr. Greaves, I am sorry for you—you are out of luck—but every dog has his day. Be patient, man, for God's sake, and remember you serve her Majesty, and should be the last to defy the law. You should set an example, Sir."

This brought that excellent officer to his bearings, and he sat down all of a heap and was silent, but tears of agony came out of his eyes, and presently something occurred that made him start up in fury again.

For Laxton's quick eye had noticed him and his wild appeals, and he sent down for Mrs. Laxton. When she came up, he said, "My dear, there's a gentleman on deck who did not breakfast with us. There he sits abaft the mainmast, looking daggers at us. Do you know him?"

Ellen started.

"Ah, you do know him. Tell me his name."

"His name is Arthur Greaves."

"What, the same that was spooney on you when I sailed into Tenby Harbor?"

"Yes, yes. Pray spare me the sight of the man I wronged so wickedly."

"Spare you the sight, you lying devil! Why, you raised your veil to see him the better." With these words he caught her hastily round the waist with his powerful arm, and held her in that affectionate position while he made his ironical adieux to the ship he was outsailing.

During the above dialogue, the schooner being directly under the ship's lee, the wind was taken out of the swifter craft's sails, and the two vessels hung together a minute; but soon the schooner forged ahead, and glided gradually away, steering a more southerly course; and still those two figures were seen interlaced upon her deck, in spite of the lady's letter in Greaves's possession.

"The hell of impotence," says an old writer. Poor Greaves suffered that hell all the time the schooner ran alongside the ship, and nobody would help him board her, or grapple her, or sink her. Then was added the hell of jealousy; his eyes were blasted and his soul sickened with the actual picture of his old sweetheart embraced by her lord and master before all the world. He had her letter, addressed, though not written, to him; but Laxton had *her*, and the picture of possession was public. Greaves shook his fist at him with impotent fury, howled impotent curses at him, that every body heard, even the ladies, who had come on deck well pleased, seeing only the surface of things, and were all aghast when Greaves came up all of a sudden, and stormed and raged at what to them was that pretty ship and justly affectionate commander; still more aghast when all this torrent came to a climax, and the strong man fell down in a fit, and was carried, gnashing and foaming and insensible, to his cabin.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Calendar.

MAY.

Sunday, 20.—Whit-Sunday.
Monday, 21.—Whitsun-Monday.
Sunday, 27.—Trinity-Sunday.

THE managers of the Papal Jubilee will not be disappointed in their expectation of the attendance of a vast concourse of pilgrims. Preparations are making to receive the faithful of each nationality on a designated day. The English deputation will be presented to the Pope, as already stated in this Intelligence, on May 10, the German on May 21, the Austrian on May 27, the French on June 3, the Spanish on June 10, and the Italians on June 17. The French have the place of honor, the 3d of June being considered the day of days in this festival. On May 31 there will be a great gathering in the Church of S. Pietro in Vincoli, where the Pope was consecrated bishop fifty years ago. The plan of an exposition of objects of ecclesiastical art has not lately been named. The pilgrims will, however, carry large contributions of money to Rome.

A growing restiveness of Methodist ministers and churches under the operation of the itinerant system is very perceptible. A Boston church, failing to obtain, at the recent session of the Conference, a minister much desired, refused to open its doors to the pastor appointed by the bishop. At an interview of the members of the church with the bishop there was very little appearance of concession on either side.

"Stuart Hall" will be the name of the new building erected for the use of Princeton Theological Seminary by Messrs. ROBERT L. and ALEXANDER STUART, of this city. This munificent gift is valued at $140,000. It was accepted from the donors with suitable acknowledgments on Tuesday, April 23, by the Board of Directors of the seminary. According to previous announcement, the Rev. Dr. CHARLES HODGE was relieved of the labor of his department in the seminary by the designation of his son, the Rev. CHARLES A. A. HODGE, as his associate. This appointment was received by the assembled alumni with great enthusiasm. It will be for the General Assembly, which meets in Chicago, May 17, to ratify the choice of the directors.

With May come the anniversaries. The Women's Foreign Missionary Society of the Presbyterian Church reviewed their work the last week of April, and found that during the year $87,000 had been raised, and one hundred new auxiliaries and fifty-three bands organized. Nine new missionaries have been sent to foreign fields. The alumni of the Union Theological Seminary, New York, held their annual meeting on May 8; the seminary Commencement was held the evening preceding. With the theological anniversaries and the meetings of the great charitable societies, the month will be well filled.

The receipts of the Baptist Missionary Union for the present fiscal year just ended were $225,723, being $20,000 less than the receipts of last year. The receipts of the benevolent department of the Baptist Publication Society were $55,133. This is a decrease of $9393 on the year preceding.

It is remarkable that Congregationalism, though of New England origin, has its most populous churches out of New England. The two largest, in point of numbers, are the Plymouth, of Brooklyn, which has 2526 members, and the First, of Chicago, which has 1197. The Western and Southern churches have 151,169 members; those of New England, 199,489. Before very many years, the greater number of Congregationalists will be found in the West.

The future historian of our times will find it difficult to determine whether to class Parson BROWNLOW with the churchmen or the statesmen whose lives were memorable. In form he served both the church and the state, but he was, in all positions, essentially a Methodist preacher of the type produced in thinly settled mountain regions and on our frontiers. He was a Virginian by birth, and when a young man joined the Holston Methodist Conference, then including within its bounds a part of East Tennessee. In 1832 he was a delegate to the General Conference, which met in Philadelphia. Opposition to Mr. CALHOUN's nullification theories led him into politics, and in 1839 he founded the Knoxville *Whig*, and edited it until 1861, when it was suppressed by the Confederates. As an editor he was intensely personal, and denounced his enemies with all the energy of a Hebrew prophet. His uncompromising adherence to the Union cause and his sufferings in its behalf drew to him, during the war, the attention of the country. The services rendered by him in East Tennessee were valuable, and the appreciation of them by his fellow-citizens was shown in his election to the offices of Governor of Tennessee and United States Senator. He died in his home, April 29, aged seventy-two years. Parson BROWNLOW had at all times the courage of his opinions. He believed strongly, expressed himself emphatically, but, like many other men of stormy temper, had much kindly feeling. Underneath his rough exterior there dwelt, we may believe, an honest nature; his personal integrity was never questioned.

The general government has distributed among the religious denominations of the United States sixty-five Indian agencies. The agents have under their care a population of 218,472 persons; of this total 9871 are in schools, and 24,310 are church members. The churches erected are reported to be 139. It should be stated, to the honor of the Quakers, that having taken charge of the savage Modocs, now settled in the Indian Territory, they have led them in the ways of peace. The Modocs have adopted the habits of civilization, and are making good progress as cultivators of the soil.

In taking a collection to pay the expenses of the Boston Tabernacle, Mr. MOODY explained once more his own financial affairs, addressing himself particularly to the charge that he and his associate were making money. He stated very plainly that he received no money from the people of Boston for his services; that his home in Massachusetts, valued at $10,000, had been provided by friends, and was deeded to his wife; and that the royalty on the singing-books, amounting last year to $68,000, went to three trustees. "It belongs to us," said Mr. MOODY, "as much as the income of your business belongs to you; but we give it up."

The St. Joseph's Foreign Missionary Society of the Sacred Heart, Mill Hill, London, which has for its chief object the conversion of the freedmen of the United States to the Roman Catholic faith, has just issued its seventh annual report. The college now numbers three directors, thirty-three students, and six lay brothers. Of the mission in South Carolina there is the following account: Five years ago, when it was established in Charleston, there were no more than twenty colored Catholics who could be induced to attend church. During 1875 there were forty-seven infant and forty-three adult baptisms; in 1876 forty-five infants and sixty-two adults were baptized; at the beginning of 1877 there were ten persons under instruction for baptism. "During the same period about one hundred, until then indifferent," says the report, "were gathered in, instructed, and are now practical Catholics." This is the only mission established in the State. No statistics appear from Baltimore, Upper Marlborough, and Louisville; nor were any new missions opened in the Southern States during the past year. These facts would indicate that the conversion of the negroes of the South to the Roman Catholic faith is not progressing so rapidly as Cardinal MANNING anticipated it would.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

"Do you reside in this city?" asked a masked man of a masked lady at a masked party the other evening. He felt sick when she said to him, in a low voice, "Don't be a fool, John; I know you by the wart on your thumb." It was his wife.

This is the season when, as they fondly linger at the gate, he says, in tones tremulous with ecstasy of love, "Darling, my own precious darling, one fond kiss before we part!" and a sharp voice from the up-stairs window calls out, "Sarah Jane, you march into the house. To-morrow is washin'-day, and you ain't a-going to lay abed till noon, now I tell you!"

A country girl wrote to her lover, "Now, George, don't you fale to be at the singing school to-night." George wrote back that "in the bright lexicon of youth—Worcester's—there's no such word as fale."

A young lady, dressed in much false hair, was warbling at the piano, and when her mother summoned her to assist in some household duties, her rosy lips opened poutingly, and snapped out, "Oh, do it yourself!" and then went on singing, "Kind words can never die."

TAKINGS.

He took her fancy when he came,
He took her hand, he took a kiss;
He took no notice of the shame
That glowed her happy cheek at this.

He took to come of afternoons,
He took an oath he'd ne'er deceive;
He took her master's silver spoons,
And after that he took his leave.

STRICT BUSINESS MAN.—"Patrick, hereafter I want you to commence work at five o'clock and quit at seven." "Sure and wouldn't it be as well if I'd commence in the morning at seven, and leave off at five in the evening?"

Mrs. Partington remarks that few persons nowadays suffer from suggestions of the brain.

A cute Yankee says he thinks that instead of giving credit to whom it is due, the cash had better be paid.

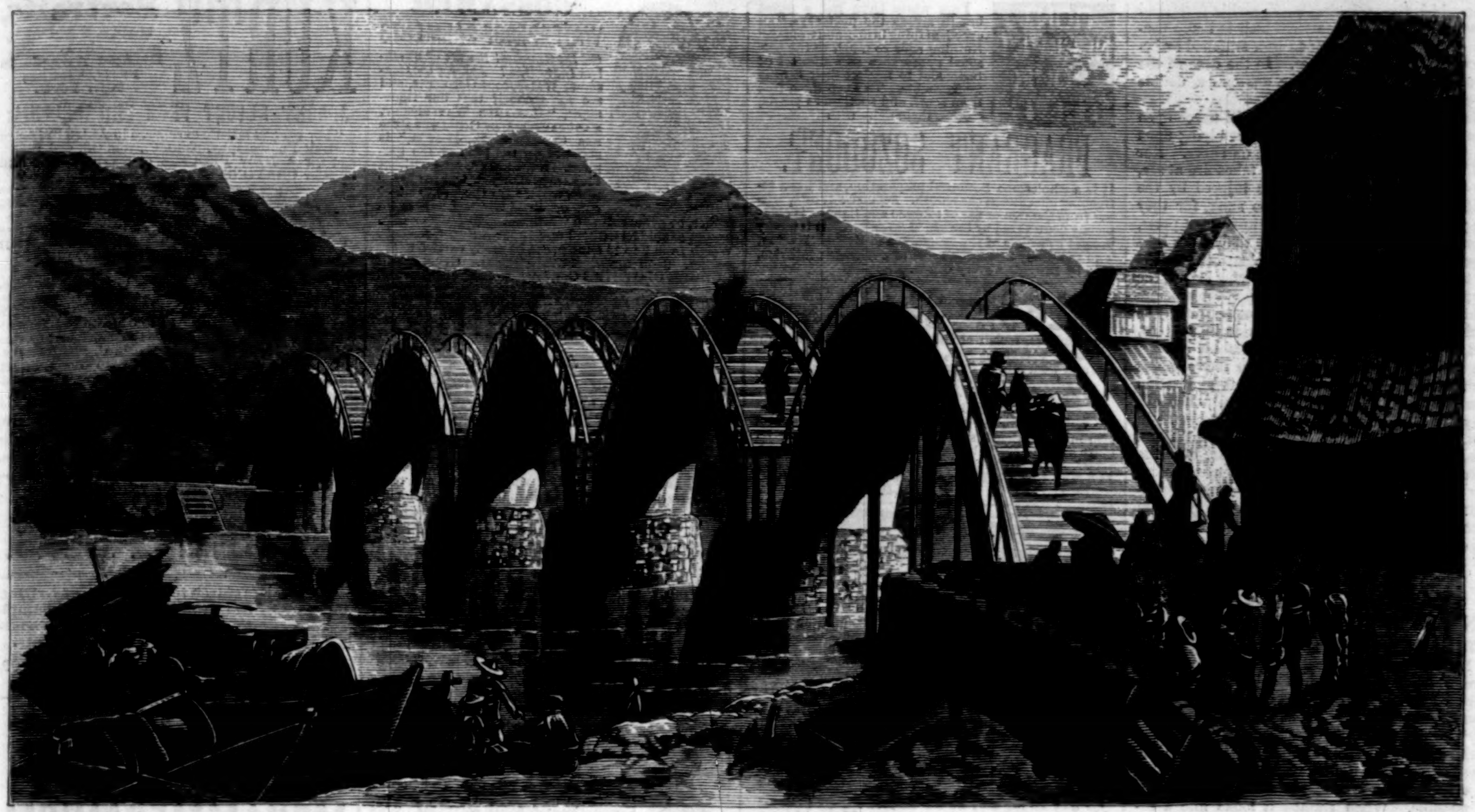
A celebrated judge had a very stingy wife. On one occasion she received his friends in the drawing-room with a single candle. "Be pleased, my dear," said his lordship, "to let us have a second candle, that we may see where the other stands."

SERVANT (*to Irish laborer*). "Here is some beer, Pat, if you care to have it; but I'm afraid it's quite dead."
PAT. "Oh, dead is it? Sure, then, darlint, it's I'm the boy to bury it."

The following exquisite passage is commended to all novel-readers. We withhold the name of the tale from which it is taken: "Her large, limpid, lustrous eyes filled with big, billowy tears, Lurline leaned over the dying auctioneer's pillow. 'Lurline,' he sighed, feebly. 'Ay, Alonzo,' she answered. 'Lurline,' he said, 'meet me in the sweet buy-and-buy!' His breath came fainter and with more difficulty. In a moment more he was going, going, gone! 'He is dead,' said the doctor. 'Yes, he has gone, absolutely and without reserve,' sobbed his wife."

ANTIQUITIES.

Collector. "It's ancient—very?—and worn by a Greek?—and his name is inside?"



IWAKUNI BRIDGE, JAPAN.

A JAPANESE BRIDGE.

This remarkable bridge crosses a river near the Japanese town of Iwakuni. This extraordinary structure is about 300 years old. Both horse and foot passengers ascend and descend the different arches by steps. The supporting pillars of the bridge are of stone, while the structure above is of wood. Japanese tourists visit this bridge, regarding it as one of their national curiosities. This, perhaps, explains why the modern Japanese do not lay a level roadway across the arches. Unlike the Chinese, they are not averse to receiving new ideas, and of late years they have made great advancement in various branches of civil engineering.

TO THE RESCUE!

On page 385 we offer our readers one of Messrs. Schell and Hogan's striking engravings of a scene that has frequent occurrence on our stormy Atlantic shores. The crew of a life-boat usually consists of seven men, including keepers, whose duty it is to take entire charge of the craft, and man her when occasion requires. To get the boat from under shelter is a matter of some difficulty, but when once on the hard wet sand these men are able to handle both vessel and truck with comparative ease. They either pull by the tongue or guide-rope, as seen in the engraving, or two of them guide while the others push from behind. In some instances horses are used, but not often. They are not only difficult to manage in a blinding storm, but many stations are so remotely located along the coast that it would be impossible to procure the animals in time to be of service.

The boats which are used on these occasions must be of peculiar construction, for no ordinary craft can live a moment in the surf during a storm. Strange as it may seem, iron and copper rather than wood have been found to be the most suitable materials. The strength and tenacity of these metals allow of their being used in plates so thin that the specific gravity of the boat is less than if it were made of wood. The great difficulty encountered by the inventor who first suggested the substitution of metal for wood was that of giving the plates a sufficient stiffness. A sheet of tin, though stronger than a board, is still very flexible, while the boardis stiff. Thus, in the case of a thin plate of metal, the parts yield readily to any slight force so far as to bend under the pressure, but it requires a very great force to separate them entirely; whereas, in the case of wood, the slight force is at first resisted, but on a moderate increase of it the structure breaks down altogether. The great thing to be desired was, therefore, to secure the stiffness of wood in conjunction with the thinness and tenacity of iron. This object has been since attained by plaiting or corrugating the sheets of metal of which the sides of the boat are to be made. A familiar illustration of the principle

TROUT-FISHING—NATURE *VERSUS* ART.—[Drawn by Sol Eytinge, Jun.]

"Hey, Mister! ye're scaring all the Fish over here!"

upon which the stiffening is effected is furnished by the common table waiter, which is made usually of a thin plate of tinned iron stiffened by being turned up at the edges. In the case of the waiter, however, this turning answers a double purpose by forming a margin.

The seams of a metallic boat will never open by exposure to the sun and rain when lying upon the deck of a ship or hauled up on shore. Nor will such boats burn. If a ship takes fire at sea, the boats, if iron, can never be injured by the conflagration. Nor can they be sunk, for they are provided with air-chambers in various parts, each separate from the other, so that if the boat were bruised and jammed by violent concussions up to her utmost capacity of receiving injury, the shapeless mass would still float upon the sea, and hold up with unconquerable buoyancy as many as could cling to her. They will ride in any sea, and though sometimes, after protracted storms, the surges roll in upon shelving or rocky shores with such terrific violence that it is almost impossible to get the boats off land, yet, once off, they are safe, however wild the commotion. In fact, there is a certain charm in the graceful and life-like buoyancy with which they ride over the billows, and in the confidence and sense of security which they inspire. Lovers of dangerous adventure have frequently been known to go out in them for the exhilaration and pleasure in bounding merrily over a stormy and tempestuous sea.

A NEW DEPARTURE IN AMERICAN PHOTOGRAPHY.

The well-known Photographer, William Kurtz, of New York, has finished a beautiful genre picture, which he will send to any address on receipt of \$5. "It represents a rustic maiden standing by the door of her cottage after the day's work, thinking over her loneliness and wishing, with all the zest and heart-love of the true German girl, that she too had a lover." It is a large photograph; but as unphotographic as possible. When framed it looks like a superb crayon, on coarse drawing-paper; the effect is wondrously beautiful and decidedly different from any thing that has heretofore been produced, and certainly a new departure in American photography. The size is 13 x 19 inches, mounted on handsome India-tinted board, and is the cheapest and most artistic picture that can be had for home decoration.—[*Com.*]

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THE numerical strength of the military force which Turkey can put into the field against her powerful antagonist has been variously stated, and the statistics on which the different estimates are based appear to be more abundant than trustworthy. According to the *Statesman's Year-Book*, until 1871 the Turkish military forces comprised, 1, the regular army, called *Nizam;* 2, the reserve, or *Redif;* 3, the contingents of auxiliaries; and 4, the irregular troops. The regular active army consisted of six corps, or "ordou," under the command of a field-marshal, or "mushir," with their head-quarters at Scutari, Constantinople, Monastir, Karbrout, Damascus, and Bagdad. Each ordou consisted of two divisions, commanded by a general of division, or "ferik." Each division was divided into three brigades, commanded by generals of brigade, or "livas." The ordou consisted of eleven regiments, namely, six regiments of foot, four of horse, and one regiment of artillery. Besides the six ordous, there were three detached corps: one brigade on the island of Candia, numbering 4000 regulars, 3500 irregulars, and 600 native cannoniers—a total of about 8000 men; a second brigade in Tripoli, consisting of one regiment of foot and one of horse, to the strength of 4000 men; and a third brigade, of 4000 men, at Tunis.

In 1871 the Turkish army underwent a thorough reorganization. Under the new regulations, the military forces are divided into, 1, the active army; 2, the reserve; and 3, the "sedentary army." After four years' service in the active army, soldiers may return to their homes and occupations, and are likewise free to marry; but they are bound to join their regiments at a moment's notice, to serve, if required, for two years longer. By this arrangement the number of the active army, which in time of peace is still fixed at a strength of 150,000 men, can be raised immediately, on an emergency arising, at once to 210,000. At the expiration of the sixth year the soldiers of the active force pass to the reserve, and have to serve three years in the first reserve class, and three years in the second reserve class. The two classes are officered, and the soldiers, though free to marry and attend to their own business, are called out to drill for one month every year, for which they receive pay. This reserve is calculated at 240 battalions, or 192,000 men, ready to take the field in a fortnight's time. Upon the completion of six years' service in the active army, and another six years in the reserve, a soldier is attached for eight years longer to the "sedentary" army, and is liable to be called out in case only of war. The sedentary force is calculated to supply 300,000 men, who, together with the 210,000 men of the active army and the 192,000 of the reserve, form a grand total of 700,000 available men for war. In times of peace the troops have neither generals of division nor brigade. These are appointed only during times of war.

Formerly a considerable portion of the troops were furnished by the spahis and other holders of estates on condition of military service. But the system was changed in 1843, since which time the army is recruited by conscription, which, however, falls only upon the Mussulman population. Non-Mussulmans are not liable to service in the army, but have to pay a military exemption tax, known as the Bédel, amounting to about 1*s.* 2*d.* per head of population, and producing altogether £580,000 per annum. The capital is totally exempt both from conscription and the Bédel.

Only a portion of the troops is raised by conscription, and the rest is procured by enlistment, which is productive of many recruits, as the pay in the Turkish army is comparatively high. The government undertakes the task of procuring substitutes, at a fixed price, for all who wish to avoid the conscription.

TURKISH TROOPS PASSING THROUGH STAMBOUL.

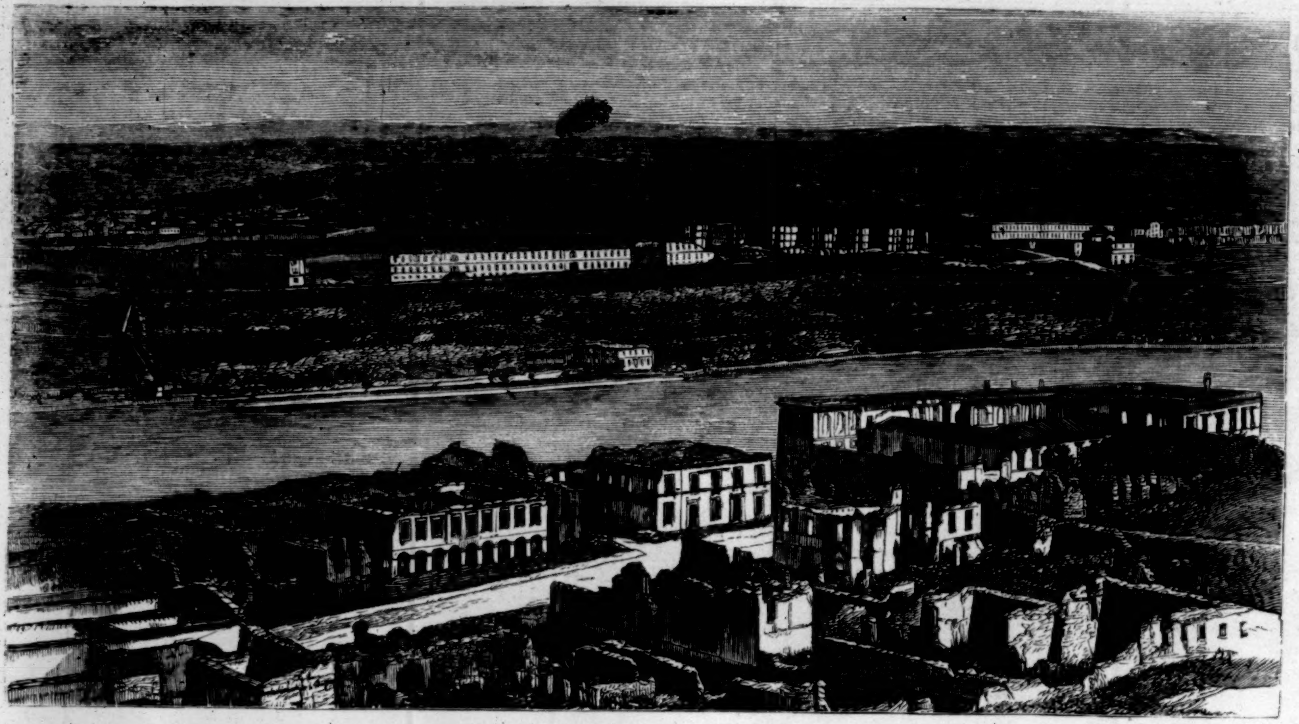
THE RUSSIAN ARMY.

THE present military laws of Russia render all men who have completed their twenty-first year, and are not physically incapacitated, liable to service. Immunity by the purchase of substitutes is prohibited. The term of service is fixed at fifteen years, six in active duty and nine in the reserve. To enable the educated classes to free themselves from compulsory conscription, and also to provide the requisite number of officers to serve in the supplementary branches, young men possessed of a certain degree of education are permitted to enter from their seventeenth year as volunteers for a short term, after which they undergo a military examination, and become either army officers or pass into the reserve. The regular army on a war footing includes the following classes:

	Officers.	Men.	Total.
Active service....	21,557	845,483	867,040
Reserves	3,522	171,788	175,320
Dépôts	6,605	273,182	279,787
Local troops	12,773	350,866	363,639
Totals......	44,457	1,641,319	1,685,786

Among the irregular troops of Russia the most important are the Cossacks. The country of the Don Cossacks contains from 600,000 to 700,000 inhabitants. In case of necessity, every Cossack from fifteen to sixty years of age is bound to render military service. The usual regular military force, however, consists of fifty-four cavalry regiments, each numbering 1044 men, making a total of 56,376. In addition to these, the Ural, the Siberian, the Orenburg, and other Cossacks make up a grand total of about 130,000 of these fierce warriors who can be called into service in time of war.

In a recent letter to the Paris *Temps* it is stated that the Russian army operating in Bessarabia is composed of four corps of infantry, each having two divisions, of four divisions of cavalry, and twelve regiments of Cossacks. The artillery consists of about 400 field-guns, and there are four bridge equipages. The strength of the force is about 140,000 men, 120,000 of them cavalry. The *personnel* and *materiel* are good, the soldiers are pretty well clad and well armed, and the cavalry is very well mounted. The Cossacks form an excellent light cavalry, and the artillery are well horsed.

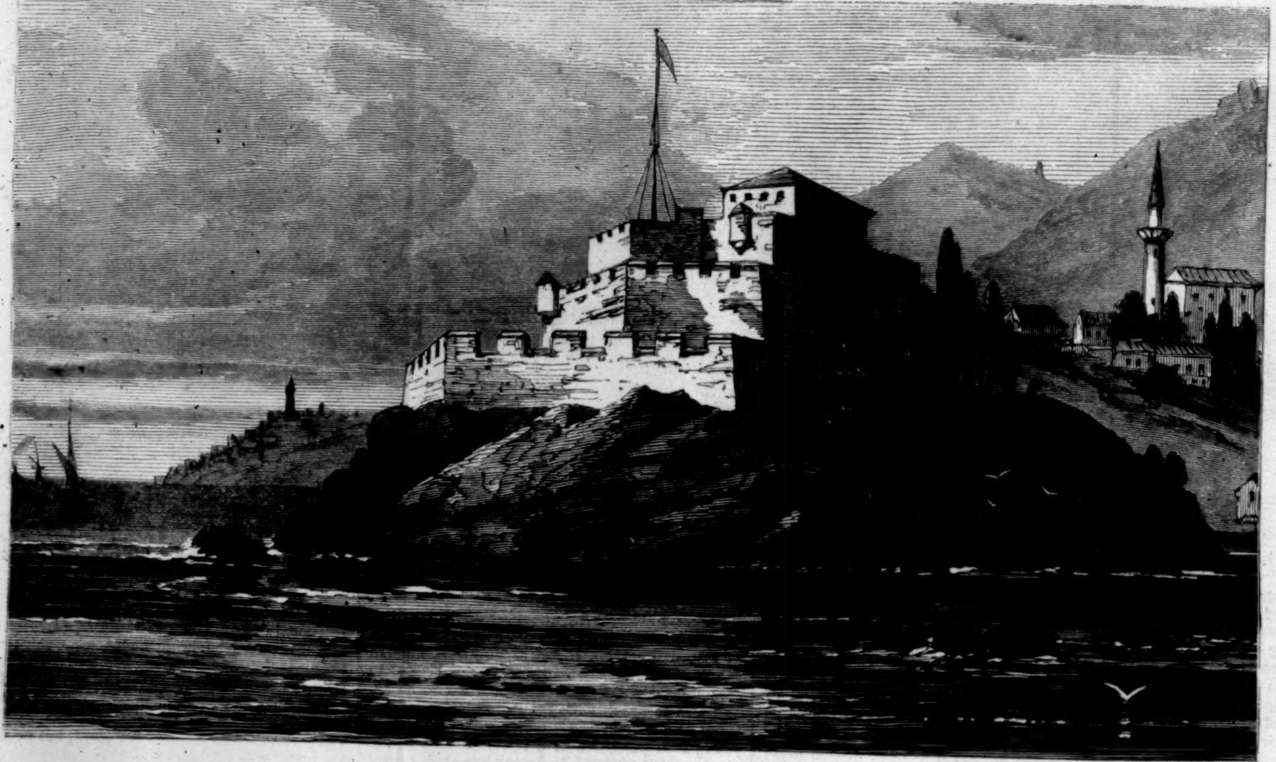


THE CITY OF SEVASTOPOL AS IT NOW IS.

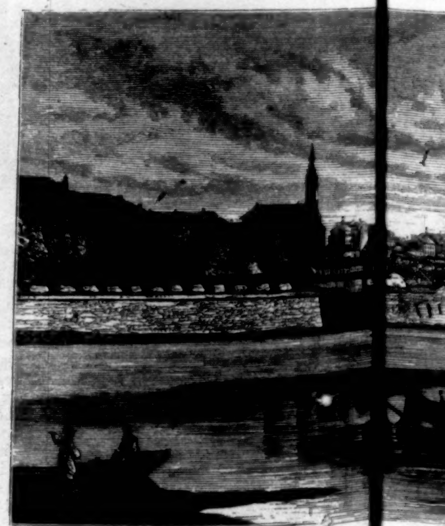
BUCHAREST, CAPITA OF

SERAGLIO POINT, CONSTANTINOPLE.

THE PASS OF DARIEL AUCASU



POIRAZ BOURNOU, BOSPORUS, ASIATIC SIDE.

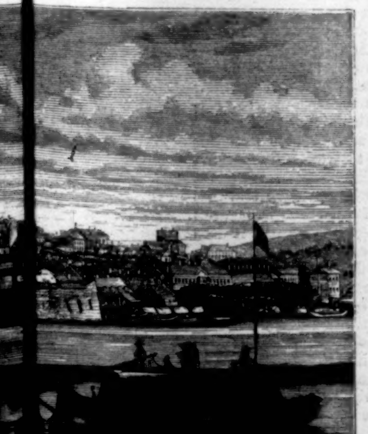


BELGRADE, CAPIT OF SER

SKETCHES IN RUSSIA AN TUR

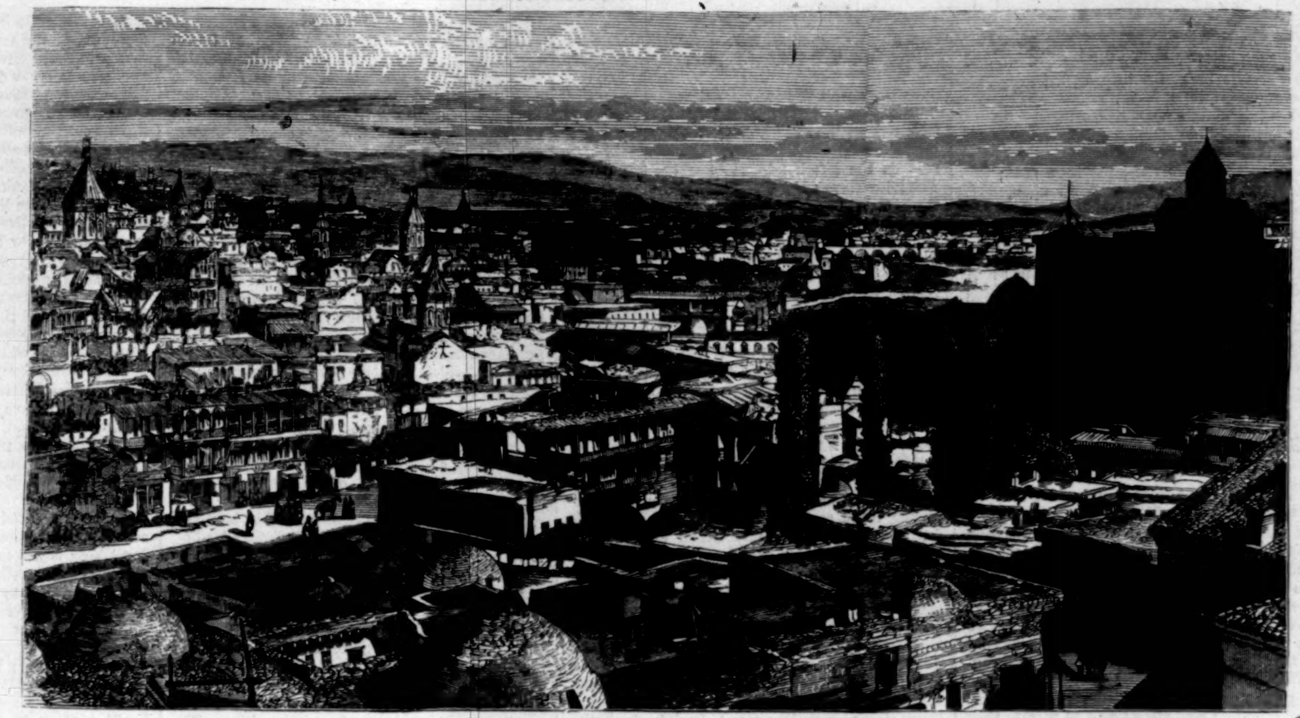
PITA OF ROUMANIA.

IEL CAUCASUS RANGE.

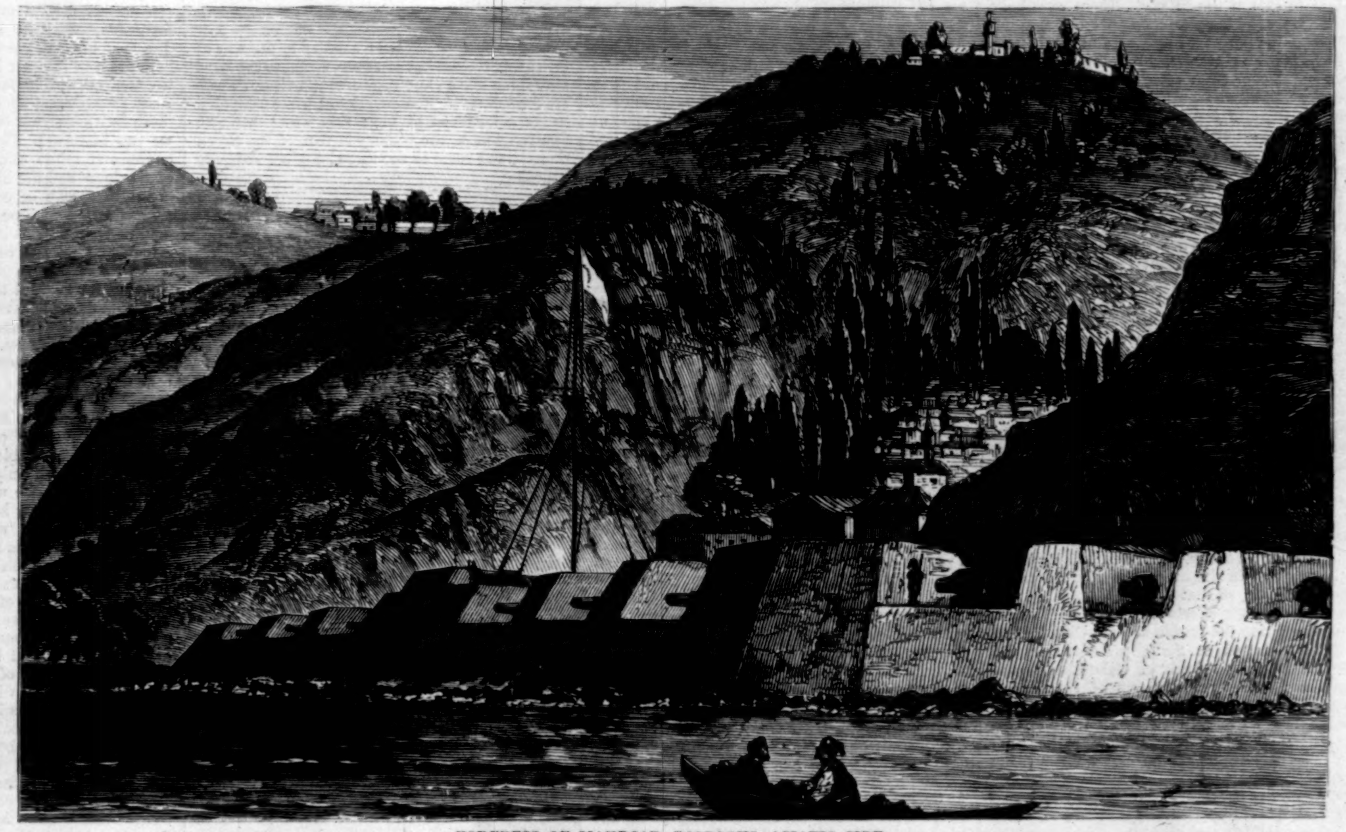


PITA OF SERVIA.

AN TURKEY.—[SEE PAGE 400.]



THE CITY OF TIFLIS.



FORTRESS OF MAHDJAR, BOSPORUS, ASIATIC SIDE.

FORTRESS OF ANADOLON KAVAK, BOSPORUS, ASIATIC SIDE.